

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



- Using the Bible in Family Worship—*Margaret S. Ward*
- Your Child's Money—*Frances Dunlap Heron*

September 1950

The H Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Fireside Chat . . .

As September is the beginning of a lot of things and the ending of summer, *Hearthstone* brings you ideas to fit both moods. For instance, here are two new things you and your family can launch into with new interest—the hobby of "rockhounding" as the Rankins tell us about it on page 23, and the art of sending a bit of yourself to those you want to greet. That, of course, is done by making your own greeting cards as Jeanne Edwards suggests in her article, page 47.

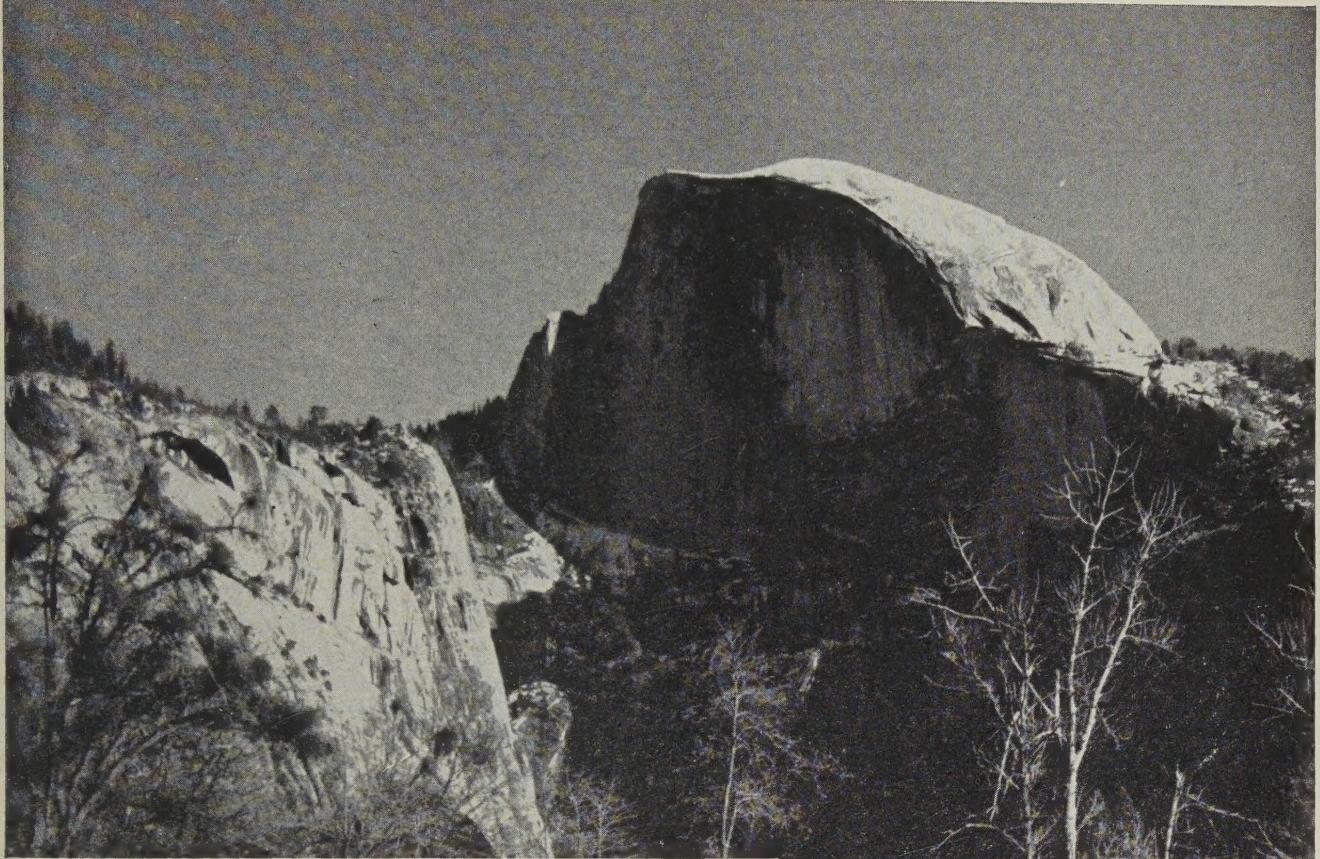
A special new feature in *Hearthstone* this month is the Study Guide on page 45. It is designed for study by groups of parents who meet together to work out various problems. This month the guide is based on the article "Using the Bible in Family Worship." Both guide and article are written by Margaret S. Ward, a previous *Hearthstone* contributor.

Several items will help you enrich your personal outlook. For instance, Belle Morrill encourages you to enjoy yourself through singing, while Mr. Flynn points out the importance of living purposefully.

As a girl, Frances Dunlap Heron, who wrote "Your Child's Money," had ambition to do three things—first to edit a magazine, second to marry a newspaperman, and third to raise a family—and she accomplished all three. After graduating from Missouri University, she edited *Front Rank* for the Christian Board of Publication. Then, she married Lawrence Heron of a St. Louis newspaper. With their several children they are living in Homewood, Illinois. Mrs. Heron is a vivacious individual and a prolific writer, known throughout the field of religious journalism.

Mary Peacock, who wrote the thought-provoking article in this issue entitled, "Are You Robbing Your Children?" is the daughter of a Baptist minister. She writes frequently for *Hearthstone* and other religious publications. She has had much experience in working with children and writing about them. Her address is Ivy Wall, Moorestown, N. J.

As wife of the minister of Portland Avenue Christian Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dorothy Richeson has plenty to keep her busy. But her abundant energy and enthusiasm is also given to larger enterprises than the home church. In addition to occasional writing she has been member of the Board of Trustees of the United Christian Missionary Society.

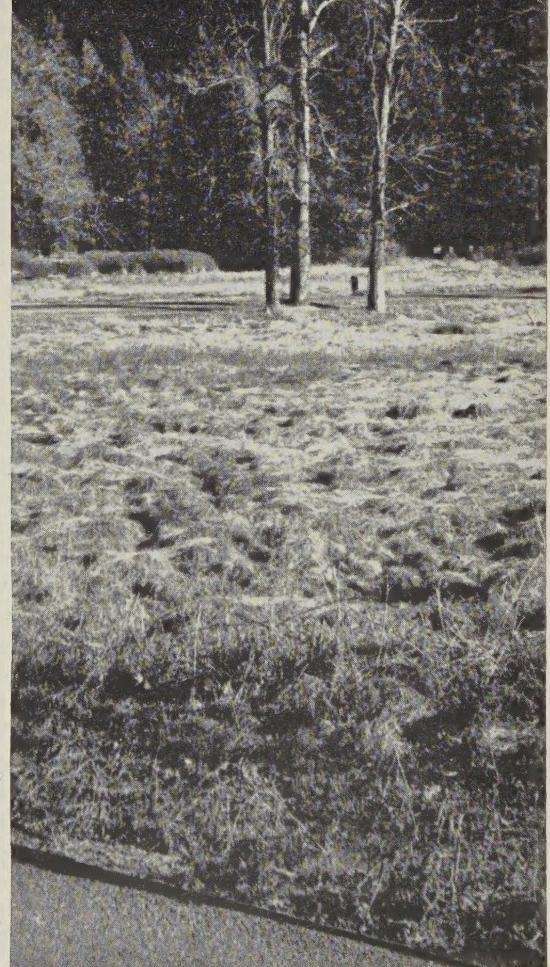


A Word from *The Word*

The Rock of My Strength

My soul, wait thou in silence for God only;
For my expectation is from him.
He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my high tower; I shall not be moved.
With God is my salvation and my glory:
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.
Trust in him at all times, ye people;
Pour out your heart before him:
God is a refuge for us.
Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of
high degree are a lie:
In the balances they will go up;
They are together lighter than vanity.
Trust not in oppression,
And become not vain in robbery:
If riches increase, set not your heart thereon.
God hath spoken once,
Twice have I heard this,
That power belongeth unto God.
Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth lovingkindness;
For thou renderest to every man according to his
work.

—Psalm 62:5-12.



—Don Knight.

Have a



Singing



HOME



YOU MAY have heard of the woman who was puzzled by her next-door neighbor's early morning singing. Why was it that she always sang the same song, only varying the number of verses? Finally one morning she told her friend how that morning singing gave her a lift for the day, then added, "But why do you sometimes stop with just one verse?"

"Oh, that's the day when Mary is the only one who wants an egg for breakfast, and she likes hers soft-boiled," laughed the neighbor. "Two verses cook them medium, and one, soft. That way I don't have to watch the clock."

Surely that rule was never found in a cookbook. It must have been a chance discovery one day, that egg and verse begun together ended together. After that, no more anxious watching of the minute hand. Music could be her time clock. Music could do her work.

Singing can lighten many tasks. It can give variety to the monotony of bedmaking and dusting; it can take the drudgery out of dishwashing and mending. When the family are all helping clear up after a meal, singing will make the work go easier. Dad and the older children can experiment on harmonizing parts. That is good fun, and good training for the ear,

since no instrument will be covering up false notes.

Singing loosens up the tensions not only in our throats, but in our minds. Even singing when we do not feel like it may be a tonic to our spirits. Some years ago I knew a woman whose mind became unbalanced over real and fancied troubles. And in the days when she was sowing the seeds for this abnormal condition, she frequently made this boast, "I used to be a good singer, but I never sang a note after my Susie died."

Another important role that singing can play is that of worship for the busy woman. She may be one whose many interruptions at home make formal devotional reading difficult, or one who must leave the house early for work outside. Singing a hymn like "Still, Still with Thee" in one's mind on awakening or singing hymns of worship while preparing breakfast can do much to start the day with God. Singing again in the mind an evening hymn like "Now the Day Is Over," upon retiring, can do much toward a restful night.

Another reason for encouraging singing is that it is a creative

rather than a passive form of behavior. All types of commercialized entertainments today are tending to destroy creative types. We are urged to look at the moving pictures instead of reading the book; to listen to radio music instead of making our own. All of these can dwarf our minds and make us less interesting individuals than God meant us to be.

Encourage your children to make their own music. Don't laugh if they flat or sing off key. Practice with them. Give them helpful hints like holding a make-believe string, and then sending the voice to the top. Or point to a spot in the farthest wall, which their voices should hit like a bull's-eye. Teach them old-fashioned humorous songs like, "The Bulldog on the Bank" as well as the songs they sing in church school. Sing with them some of the popular songs they like, if you want them to sing those you think are better music. Love for good music will develop in time, even though some of the passing phases may strain your ear and intelligence.

Singing may lead into many interesting by-paths, such as how

our hymns and their tunes came to be written, and about famous events or well-known people connected with the songs. Among the many books on this subject, probably the most readable for children is *Stories of Hymns We Love* by Cecelia Rudin.

Comparisons between hymns are also interesting, as between "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and "America the Beautiful." One was written by a poet who had traveled widely in the United States; the other by one who knew only New England. Let the older children point out the words that give them the answer. If you are singing southern songs the type of "Old Folks at Home," teach also a Negro spiritual like "Steal Away," or "Oh, Freedom." Let them discover the difference between what the Negroes themselves said about being slaves, and what the white writers liked to think they thought of it.

Melody as well as words can suggest thoughts of the composer as well as the writer. The chorus of "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations" can be sung so that you "make the sun rise." Sing very softly on the word "darkness," a little louder on "dawning," and much louder on "noonday bright." Then end with joyful and distinct phrasing on the words, "Kingdom of Love and Light." When Christmas comes and you are singing "We Three Kings of Orient Are," call attention to the imitation of the swaying camels in the music. The child who is drying dishes might sing this and sway to the music as he walks from the sink to the dish cupboard.

Interesting contests can be worked out from hymnbooks by looking up questions like these: which is the oldest tune? The oldest words? From what and how many countries do the hymns come? A time limit may be set for the search. Each person may use a different book, or, if the family own several of one kind, different parts of the book may be assigned to different children.

Every family should own a copy of their own church hymnal. In addition, a good book for mixed ages is *Hymns for Junior Workers*.



Singing can be a hobby—one not necessarily to excel in, but to enjoy.

ship, which was prepared by specialists of several denominations. This book has a fascinating preface which includes a popular account on how hymnbooks are made.

Hymn and song recognition makes a good game for older children. Only the first two bars are played, and the hymn is to be guessed from that. Answers may be written on paper, or given orally, according to whether a harder or easier contest is wanted.

SPECIAL musical evenings can be planned to which the children invite their friends. Let a committee take charge, seeing to it that younger as well as older children have a share in plans. Father or mother might be asked to be on the committee, but should never run it. Programs could be written or typed by older children, and the youngest member might crayon a border on the page.

A general program could include features like these: one or two solos, vocal or instrumental; stories of certain hymns with singing of them after the story; a brief period of song choices; some kind of a musical contest or game. Other programs can be built around special themes, e.g., holi-

days, one special writer or country.

Some who read this may be thinking, "but we have no piano." Remember that human voices are older than man-made instruments. The piano is meant to reproduce tones which the human voice has already made. Some of the loveliest music the world has ever made was composed by people who used no instruments. By singing and listening to each other's voices, they learned to blend theirs in harmony. Such are the old folk songs and spirituals. Today a cappella choirs, which sing unaccompanied, are regarded as a very high type of music.

But we are not aiming at professional singing in this article. We are thinking of music as a hobby.

Christian homes should be singing homes. From the time of Mary's song, Christianity has been a singing religion. Paul and Silas singing in prison; singing martyrs in the catacombs and the Philippines; joyous young people in outdoor vesper services testify to the naturalness of song as a handmaid of religion. Make yours a singing home.

Maybe he was justified in leaving home . . . maybe his new stepmother couldn't cook. Annie had to find out before he got away.

ANNA PETERSEN tucked the last bulging bread pan into the oven and nodded proudly. For the good bread, she'd often say with a superb scorn for the electric stove of her neighbors, for bread like you got in the old country, you should use always a wood stove like this one.

She straightened abruptly, peering outside. Then, poking a wisp of gray-blond hair into the bun at the nape of her neck, she tiptoed heavily to the screened back door.

She was not a nervous woman—Anna's thoughts, like her body, moved slowly and placidly—but she felt certain she'd seen a movement between the barns. Like a man running, it had looked.

Anna squinted nearsightedly outside, but she saw nothing. Nothing but the barns and the fruit orchard, and beyond, the herd of Jerseys grazing in the lush pastures that stretched away to the green-blue of the fir-clad Oregon mountains.

She turned back to the kitchen, savoring the prospect of a day to herself. There would be no dinner to get. Arne, her husband, and Fred, the hired man, would eat at Svensons' where they had gone early this morning to help Svenson clear drainage ditches. And Nils, her sixteen-year-old, would have dinner in town on his return from the next county where he had gone to buy a heifer.

Anna smiled, thinking of Nils. Already a good businessman he was, like Arne, and always fair and just. Anna, whose life was ruled by her belief in fairness, had seen to that.

"Never decide anything, Nils, until you have looked at the question from both sides," she would admonish.

She heard the sound—like a stealthy footstep on gravel—just as she was taking the rich brown, good-smelling loaves from the oven. There *was* somebody in the yard! But Anna was outside in the sunlight before she recognized the tall boy with the cap over his eyes as the son of Big George Gustafson, the neighbor who lived a mile up the road.

"Well, Young George," she bantered heavily, "you came, maybe, to borrow some sugar for your new mother?"

Anna was startled at the flash of anger in his gray eyes.

"She's *not* my mother!" he snapped. Then, as though the words had been in him too long and must come out, "Who does she think she is—comin' into our house—runnin' things her way?" He spat. "I hate her! And I ain't takin' no more from her!"

Anna listened, aghast. She had not yet met her new neighbor, but local gossip had it that Big George, ten years a widower, and his fifteen-year-old son had quarreled bitterly when Big George had decided to marry pretty, blonde Marta, the store clerk from Portland.

There had been a like ruckus, Anna recalled, when Young George was nine. That time Big George had given up marrying Widow

less chin quiver, and refrained from smiling when the voice that tried to be man-deep skidded off the treble clef. Plainly, Young George didn't want to run away.

But whatever was driving him, Anna knew she must stop him. Big George was rough—he'd been a logger and a fisherman—but he set great store by his son. After his first wife's death, he'd settled on the farm, trying clumsily to make a home for Young George. If he should lose the boy now, it would break his heart.

But Anna's thoughts, always fair, turned to examine the other side of this problem. Maybe Young George had good reason for running away. Maybe this Marta didn't like or understand a growing boy. Maybe—unforgivable sin in Anna's eyes—maybe she couldn't cook. Young George did look thin. And you had to pour the food into a young one that age. Nils was a bottomless pit.

Anna reached a decision. "It's a long way to the Coast," she said. "Better you should start on a full stomach after dinner. Come."

DINNER was a good two hours away, but when Anna started toward the door, Young George followed, sniffing the hot bread odor like a hungry puppy.

Home by Suppertime

A Short Story by H. P. Carroll

Jenners because the boy had objected, but this time, it seemed, he had followed his heart.

"Well," muttered the boy, turning away, "tell Nils I came to say good-by. I'm goin' out to the Coast. I can pass for eighteen. I'll maybe ship out on a freighter!"

The words were flung out defiantly, but Anna saw the beard-

Anna cut him a thick slice and spread it liberally with sweet butter and wild strawberry jam. Then she set him to shelling walnuts while she mixed cooky dough and plied him with questions.

"This new wife of your pa's—she is bossy, maybe?" she began sympathetically.

"Yeah," growled Young George, "always yammerin' at me about



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TIMMINS

"She's not my mother!" he snapped.
"I hate her! And I ain't takin' no
more from her!"

my English, or bawlin' me out for things I can't help."

Anna searched the thin, sensitive face. "She has your pa whip you, perhaps?" she suggested gently.

His young mouth thrust out sullenly. "She ain't never tried that yet. An' she better not!" he added. "But since she come, I have to sleep in the attic."

Anna stared at him in shocked silence, her slow mind trying to grasp this inhumanity.

Then she clucked her tongue in pity. "Surely you could talk to your pa about this?"

Young George shrugged. "What's the use? He thinks she's perfect. An' now he's got her, he

don't want me no more. So I'm gettin' out!"

Anna considered this, then her thoughts swung back to Big George's side of the question.

"You might, anyway, ask him about this," she urged. "Did he say he didn't want you?"

Instantly his face told her that this had been the wrong question.

"No," he admitted sullenly, dumping the walnut shells into the wood box. "I gotta be goin'."

He had answered her questions, thinking she was sympathetic, his eyes said. Now she was going to reproach him for running away. Touchy he was, like the dynamite Arne used to blast stumps from the new pastures.

Anna knew panic. She mustn't let him get away. She wanted to study on this thing some more. She wished Arne were here. He would know a way to hold the boy until he could find out just how bad things were at home.

"I'll need some more firewood before I start dinner," she said, almost meekly. "Could you, maybe, carry some in before you go?"

"Sure."

She had delayed him momentarily, anyway. Anna hoped her relief didn't show as Young George picked up the wood box and went outside.

She had the vegetables ready for him to pare when he came back. Then she handed him the silverware and a clean blue and white cloth and asked him to set the table for two.

And presently she was putting on the fragrant bowls of onion and barley soup, the dish of steaming vegetables, and the platter heaped with slices of meat in thick, rich gravy. Then she set the golden-crusted apple pie on the back of the stove to warm, and they sat down.

Anna ate little, but she talked more than she had in months, all the while covertly studying her young guest who ate with downcast eyes. And as she talked, it came to Anna that before she could help Young George, she must see with her own eyes this Marta Gustafson and the house she kept. Now, if she could just detain the boy here a while longer . . .

She waited until Young George stood in the back door awkwardly thanking her for the meal, then shamelessly, she took advantage of his sense of obligation. Brushing aside his thanks, Anna gazed sadly at the cherry trees bending under their burden of luscious red fruit, and clucked her tongue against her teeth.

"Such a waste!" she sighed. "Always I put up such quarts of cherries, but this year there's no one to pick them with Arne and Nils and Fred so busy, and me with my back. . ."

Anna placed a hand on her

sturdy spine and winced at a non-existent pain.

She saw his indecision. He had caught her hint and obviously felt indebted to her for dinner, but he wanted to be on his way.

"Well—uh—I guess I could pick a few for you, before I go," he said.

Anna was properly appreciative before she turned back to the kitchen. The cherries would keep him busy for a while, she thought, as she put two of the fresh loaves in a basket and covered them with a snowy napkin.

For the first time in her tidy life, Anna left the dishes in the sink. Then, basket over her arm, she slipped out, unseen by the boy, and trudged purposefully up the road toward the Gustafson farm.

Big George had never been one to take care of things. The tractor with the rusting harrow stood in the yard just where he had left it after last week's rain, and the house still needed paint. But there were new curtains at the freshly washed windows, and the worn redwood steps had been scrubbed within the hour. That was good. A boy's home should be bright and clean.

Marta was not pretty, thought Anna, as her hostess opened the door. Beautiful she was, with sea-blue eyes that could smile with warm friendliness, and golden braids about her head like a queen from the folklore of the Old Country.

"You're just in time for coffee," greeted Marta, graciously accepting the still warm loaves from Anna's basket.

Then Big George came in, and Anna would hardly believe a man could look so much younger. It wasn't just the neat haircut and shave and the clean blue overalls that used to look so grimy. It was the way he looked at Marta with worship in his eyes.

Anna nibbled appreciatively on Marta's flaky coffee cake.

"A fine cook you married, George!" she complimented, her observant eyes noting, meanwhile, the fat cooky jar brimming with brown cookies filled to bursting with plump raisins, and placed where a boyish hand could snatch a few in passing.

"Just wait till you see how she fixed up the boy's room, too!" boasted Big George.

Anna wanted to see that. He slept in the attic, the boy had complained.

But what an attic this was!

"Like a picture from the mail-order catalogue!" admired Anna when they stood in the little upstairs room under the eaves.

Big George had paneled it in knotty pine, and Marta had fashioned bedspread and curtains of a bright print showing cowboys tossing lariats at long-horned cattle. The little room spoke of their mutual love for young George and their pride in him, and suddenly Anna felt ashamed of even listening to Young George's tales of his stepmother.

Marta touched a long package on the bed. "Today is his birthday—" she began, then broke off to turn troubled eyes on her husband.

"We wanted to give him the rifle at breakfast," said Big George, "but he left before we was up. I—I'm some afraid he's run away. He was set against the marriage. . . ."

Big George looked apologetically at Marta, but she squeezed his hand and he went on, "I'd figured the boy was too young for a gun of his own, but Marta said no; he's almost a man and we should treat him like one. She says he'll be home by suppertime. . . ." Big George stopped and again his eyes begged Marta for reassurance.

But it was Anna who answered sturdily, "Of course, he'll be home." And her words hung between them like a promise as she turned to go. No need to tell his whereabouts, she thought. Better they should not know he'd really meant to run away.

At home, Anna opened the back door and her voice was stern as she called, "Bring the cherries to the kitchen, Young George!"

Then as he set down the full bucket, "I saw your pa," she told him.

Young George jumped and seemed about to leave, but Anna put a big arm across the door, barring his way.

"Your pa looks good these days—*younger some, and happier don't you think?*"

"Uh—yeah." Young George looked startled. He hadn't expected this.

"And the house—it's looking better, too. Even such an attic as you sleep in!"

He had trapped himself here not with an outright lie, but with a misrepresentation of truth, and Anna saw in the slow fires of shame that rose in his cheeks that he knew it.

"Marta has a fondness for you, Young George," she said gently. "Why do you hate her?"

The young mouth turned stubborn. "Because pa likes her better than he does me!" he burst out bitterly.

Anna gave him a withering look. "So that is it," she said slowly. "So you think there is not enough love in your pa's heart for both a wife and a son? You have forgotten, maybe, that when your ma died, he sold his fishing boat so's he could buy a farm and make a home for you. You have forgotten, too, that when you were nine he wanted to marry, but he gave that up because of you. He was willing to wait for such happiness until you were old enough to understand that it didn't mean he loved you any less. But now you are old enough, you refuse to give him this understanding!"

Young George's lips trembled wildly, and he moved as though to brush past her. Then his clumsy boy's feet upset the bucket, and the ripe, red fruit spilled in all directions, leaving little trails of scarlet juice on Anna's spotless floor.

"I'm sorry," mumbled Young George, staring in consternation at the mess.

Quite calmly, Anna opened the cupboard and took out two enamel pans, one white and one gray, and handed them to him.

"Pick up the cherries, Young George," she commanded, "and think well as you do it. Think of everything your pa has done for you through the years, and for every good thing he has done for

(Continued on page 16.)

A MAN of sixty-seven came to the dean of a certain college the other day and applied for admission. He had no high school diploma and only a few university extension courses to offer. The dean pointed out his lack of qualifications. His answer was that he was actuated by a "must."

"I will make up all the conditions," he pleaded, "even at my age. I have retired from business to satisfy this hunger for a college education. I must do it. I would rather die than fail."

A first-century persecutor of the church had a very vivid personal experience with the risen Christ. After passing through some determining stages of acclimation into his new life he realized that his business in this world was to be an apostle. He had a sense of a mission, a "must."

"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," he declared.

When the ministry of Jesus had reached a certain stage he turned from miracles of loaves and fishes, from admiring crowds, from growing popularity, and turned his face toward Jerusalem, waiting like a great, silent enemy to destroy Him. His disciples questioned it. It was a "must."

"I must go up to Jerusalem," He explained, "and suffer many things."

The great figures of time have been people with "musts" in their lives, people actuated by great compulsions. The important works of time have been



—R.N.S.

David H. Scott and Wallace C. Speers, president and chairman of the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World, to which many laymen yearly devote time and interest. Furthering interdenominational cooperation is "a must" for an increasing number of people every year.

HAVE A

"Must"

IN YOUR LIFE

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

deeds that had "musts" for mainsprings, achievements along paths their doers had to travel. These people all came to hours when they had to make the vital choice and travel the appointed way or be forever unsatisfied. They did not know what lay along the road, but they knew they had to travel it. They did not know what waited in their Jerusalem, but they knew they had to go there.

If someone says he has had no such feelings, it is because he has not yet opened his heart deeply to the challenge of destiny. He has not yet done much listening to the still small voice. Those who have not done these things have not yet done much significant living either. They have gone through the motions of life from day to day, but they cannot yet point to the way they have traveled or the work they have done and say it had to be so. It may not be easy, the temporal rewards may not be great, and the public may not understand, but the die has to be cast, and the pattern has to be set.

WE SOMETIMES turn our radios on and off so hastily that we get no reception because we do not allow time for the tubes to warm up. Some do the same way with their hearts. They never wait long enough for the warming-up process to take place.

Most of us are that way at the beginning. As we go along some of us learn the secret of keeping the circuit closed and the power on long enough to get good, clear, sustained reception. Then like the echo of a heavenly voice, they begin to hear the words "I must" sounding deep within themselves and feel them crowding to their lips and demanding expression. God had laid His finger on them and made them men with missions. It is such as they who have made history.

Some of the Christians of today will continue to go the old unhearing way, never letting their hearts warm up to the point of sensitivity. Others will catch the impulse and begin to feel a deep compulsion

throbbing out the words "I must" within them. These are the ones whose lives will bear fruit, whose work will make a difference in the world.

NOT ALL will be ministers, missionaries, or even teachers; but all will be kingdom-builders. Destiny has many appointed roads, and God has many uses for anointed souls. Men with "musts" in their lives have always wrought wonders in the various fields of endeavor. It is all a part of the fulfilment of the great unceasing purpose.

I have before me the list of people thus far chosen for the Hall of Fame at New York University. It includes the names of preachers like Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, Jonathan Edwards, and Roger Williams. In the list of those seriously considered for inclusion have been missionaries like John Eliot, Adoniram Judson, and Marcus Whitman. But the list also includes the names of great authors, educators, philanthropists, reformers, scientists, engineers, artists, medical men, inventors, explorers, lawyers, statesmen, and businessmen.

It would be much the same with any list of great names one might consider. From them have come progress and service because they were people with "musts" in their lives, people who knew how inescapable is a compulsion. Whatever service any one of them rendered he rendered because he felt that he must, and that it had become one of the great inevitables. Let us look for this light in just one sentence from just one of these sons of the gleam. Asa Gray, a Hall of Fame botanist, wrote:

"I confidently expect that in the future years more than in the past, faith in an order, which is the basis of science, will not be dissevered from faith in an Ordainer, which is the basis of religion."

The list of the world's great servants is long because we find them in so many fields and types of activity. Those who have devoted their lives, perhaps even sacrificially, to great purposes, great causes, the discharge of great obligations, have not done so by chance nor merely because they were restless. They have done so because that was where their roads led, and they knew that to turn aside would close the gates of peace to them and doom them to spend the rest of their lives remembering a compulsion to which they did not prove true.

Washington could have found easier things to do than to lead the revolutionary army with small pay in either money or gratitude. Marie and Pierre

Curie could have found more comfortable careers than starving their bodies and burning their hands while experimenting with radium. Matthew could have turned back to his taxgathering. But even to turn aside is not easy for one who has a compulsion. Besides, to play a compulsion false is to turn from true greatness back to mediocrity.

YEARS ago a certain quiet little woman was serving as a missionary in India. She was doing a fine piece of work on a salary of eight hundred dollars a year, supplied by a missionary society in a local church back in this country. One day a representative of the government approached her. He said public officials had noticed what high abilities she had displayed in her work and felt that those abilities would be of great service to the government. She was therefore offered a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year to change over to an official position. Her reply was characteristic of these people with "musts" in their lives.

"As it is, I am doing a big job for little pay," she said. "If I made this change, I would be doing a little job for big pay. I do not think I should feel right about that, so I will remain as I am."

God's "musts" are for all. Whether your compulsion be to a great work or a humble one, a task far away or near at home, something easy or something hard to do, you will never be your complete self unless you obey it. One without a "must" in his life is something like a flower stalk that never buds. When you have one you will always have unfinished business waiting, and you will always have problems to solve; but life will never again be empty or dull.

Do not be content to live a life that makes no particular difference to the ages. However humble your place may be, find it and occupy it. Listen till you hear your heart say "must," and then begin living the one life and doing the one work for you. It is a path of greatness into which you turn. The world may recognize it and the way you walk in it, but whether it ever does or not God and you will know.

I often think of the young man Isaiah and the day in the temple when he became a man with a "must" in his life, of Shepherd Moses who talked with the Great I Am by a flaming bush and became a man thrust ever forward by an inward compulsion, and of the fisherman's boy named John who had a candle lighted in his life and found that its rays warmed him to a great purpose. These are but a few of the many who found themselves saying, "I must," and moving forward to keep their trysts with destiny.

Across the years they have marched, and are still marching. It is the long procession of those—people in every walk of life—who came to moments when they realized they could no longer be content and complacent at the same time. They are the men of faith who have wrought wonders, built the world life, and laid the foundations for the Kingdom of God.

Theirs is not a company with a closed membership. They are only people with "musts" in their lives, and there is a place among them for you.

Childhood may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.—J. G. Holland

YOUR CHILD'S *Money*

By Frances Dunlap Heron

CHILDREN of today live in a world that has made household words out of budget, income tax, savings bonds, social security, inflation, sales tax, pay check and bonus. During the last few years money has flown so freely for automobiles, electric refrigerators, television sets, movies and vacation trips that there's no longer any keeping children separated from the knowledge and love of money. Baby-sitting, newspaper routes and yard jobs are yielding my progeny more profit than my brother and I knew existed.

In this day of financial emphasis, therefore, one of the most troublesome problems that parents face (aside from balancing their own bank account) is to help their sons and daughters learn how to manage money. The allowance has become an established practice from the kindergarten set on through college. The hope is that by the time Eddie and Edwina get their bachelor's degrees they will have become masters of economy.

Whether or not that hope is fulfilled depends on several factors. First of all, as in other areas of children's lives, no two youngsters will behave exactly alike. In our own family, we have four different kinds of financiers. Marion Sue sets aside in pickle jars funds for different purposes, saves all year for Christmas, spends an out-of-proportion amount on others. Alfred can't resist what he wants when he wants it, is broke most of the time, but seldom regrets past expenditures. Eleanor gets an immense satisfaction out of carrying a red billfold and knowing that she has currency in it, and therefore has developed considerable skill in making money. Donald likes to save for one big item, such as a vacation trip.



Baby-sitting gives many a youngster money of her own which she must learn to handle wisely.

You cannot expect to make over children's temperaments. But by giving them money of their own and by giving them some guidance in spending, you can try to temper selfishness with generosity, impulsive ness with reason, practicality with pleasure.

THE FIRST question about allowances is naturally, "How much?" Some well-meaning parents, harking back to their own skimpy youth, think to make up to their offspring by showering them with money. Some children with bulging pockets can think of nothing to do but buy comic books and candy bars. Thus too large an allowance, instead of encouraging good buying and saving habits, may simply stimulate useless spending.

When each of our four was about five years old, we started his allowance at five cents a week. On each birthday for the next few years we added five cents. Because the size of father's pay check, the size of the family and other practical factors must enter into each situation, it is impossible to lay down general rules about amounts per child.

We believe that as soon as a child is old enough to understand the value of money and to be trusted with "secrets," he should know what his parents' income is; and that his "allowance" should then be just what the word indicates—his share of the family's resources. Taking a child into confidence about the family's financial circumstances gives him

a feeling of "belonging" and makes him more understanding of his parents' budgeting problems.

The amount of each child's allowance also depends on how much he is expected to provide for himself out of it. In the beginning, a small child may be given full rein with his nickel or dime. That amount is not sufficient to gorge him on sweets and yet he can learn that one week it will buy candy, another week crayons, another a balloon; that if he spends it all on Monday he doesn't have any for the rest of the week; that if he saves his nickels for three weeks he has fifteen cents, with which he can buy that little automobile in the store window.

With school days comes an awareness that life calls for some necessities in addition to the luxuries. Then the allowance may well be enlarged to include the purchase of pencils and paper. Since these are not every-week needs, Eddie must do a little planning so that if a pencil should get lost some Wednesday he will not be caught broke. A first grader can get along on ten cents a week for his little treats and his simple school supplies.

As he progresses in school and his activities broaden, his spending can expand accordingly. If he belongs to a club that exacts five cents a week dues, that may be made a part of his responsibility in his allowance. As he grows older the allowance may be enlarged to take in simple entertainment. When high school days come—and here I speak surrounded by a laboratory of two seniors and a freshman—needs mount rapidly. We allow our three modest coverage for train fare, lunches, school supplies, and entertainment.

SOME PARENTS let their high schoolers experiment with buying their own clothes. Such boys and girls learn by impulsive and sad experience to consider quality of materials, practicality and style. Where a family's every penny must count, however, this experimentation may be a little expensive. In our case, we have felt that it is hard for adults—much less teenagers—to plan for a whole year of

clothes. Emergencies and price fluctuations are so likely to upset a specific allowance for wearing apparel. Furthermore, one girl may regularly inherit good hand-me-downs from a cousin while her sister has to have all new things. A fast-growing adolescent boy may have to have more new wardrobes than his brother, who grows slowly. We, therefore, adopt the policy of buying each child the clothes he needs *when* he needs them. But we give the consumers much freedom in making the choices; and to our delight they always consider the price tags carefully.

Unworried, we can turn our sixteen-year-old Alfred loose with \$25 to buy his fall school clothes. He comes back with good variety in

**Money was made, not to
command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to
fulfill.
Shame and woe to us, if we our
wealth obey;
The horse does with the
horseman run away.**

—Abraham Cowley

his selections and with tales of going from store to store to make comparisons. We believe that if children have been brought up with ideas of economy they will be as careful in spending family money as their own, especially if they have been taught to look upon themselves as the family.

In some families the amounts of allowances for older boys and girls will be determined somewhat by the children's own earnings at baby-sitting, carrying newspapers, and working in stores after school and on Saturday. Our Marion Sue voluntarily gives up allowance during the summer because of her own income. Whenever it is absolutely imperative for a child to use all his earnings for clothes and other necessities, there's nothing else to be considered. But if it is at all possible, every young-

ster should have the satisfaction of spending part of his own income just as he pleases. From their earnings our children put some in a savings account, buy birthday and Christmas presents and the little extras that their allowances cannot supply. From their "own money" all have contributed generously to sending packages of food and clothing to several overseas families we "adopted."

Here we come to the matter of stewardship. What about a child's church offerings? Where a church school uses the pledge system, it is an easy matter for children to talk over with their parents each fall what amount they shall put in their envelopes each Sunday. If it is ten cents per Sunday, that dime can then be made a part of the allowance. We give our children their allowances on Saturday night, so the church school offering comes out safely the first thing!! Even where a church school does not have a pledge card plan, it seems wise for parents to have an understanding with their children about the amount of offerings. Then the child should set that amount aside and if he misses a Sunday add it to his next Sunday's offering.

Here again the child's attitude depends almost wholly on his family's attitude. If father and mother instill the idea that all money comes out of the goodness of God and is a trust to use wisely and share with others, a child naturally accepts his responsibility of giving to the church and to benevolences.

SHALL Eddie and Edwina be permitted always to spend their allowances as they choose? Yes and no. Learning comes in doing, and they must learn that if they spend everything on Monday they may suffer bitter disappointment on Saturday in having to pass up some favorite entertainment at the end of the week. The wise parent does not break down and repair every such emergency. On the other hand, it is certainly a part of parental responsibility to offer some guidance in spending. When Eddie impulsively wants to buy a cheap, poorly made toy, mother can point out that it will be broken

within a day. She can suggest saving for some more durable toy that will give longer satisfaction. If a child is spending an undue part of his allowance on sodas and candy bars, to the detriment of his mealtime appetite, certainly the parent should step in and call a halt.

We have found the family council an excellent clearinghouse for money matters as well as for other personal and group problems. At such meetings we discuss amounts of allowances, the philanthropies we will support, and the need for new clothes. "Pop" and I give out news on what insurance premiums, tax bills and other special expenses are coming up so that the children realize how the family money is being spent and why they cannot expect sudden extravagant outlays.

No discussion of a child's money ever is complete without an answer to the question, "Shall I pay Eddie and Edwina for chores and errands?" On this I cannot agree

with the many intelligent and competent parents who give Edwina five cents a day for washing the dishes and Eddie fifty cents (more likely a dollar) for cutting the lawn, and who in punishment for certain juvenile misbehavior withhold that salary-allowance.

We believe that our children should receive their allowances as their share of the family income; and that they should do their share of household chores as their contribution to family living. When the allowance is simply "pay" for jobs, children are likely to expect money for everything they do. An exception is the case of older boys and girls who undertake such a special home task as insulating the attic or painting the house, where professional help would otherwise be called in. Then a business deal between parent and child may be a real lesson in efficiency and responsibility. But by and large, let allowances and duties be kept separate!

One other problem faces parents who love their children and hate to see them disappointed. What about slipping a little extra change or giving an "advance" to the youngster who spent too freely the first of the week and who has an unforeseen opportunity on Thursday to go to the zoo? Here again one must be guided by circumstances. To give in every week, so that Eddie is never really solvent, will build wrong habits and will defeat the very goal of personal responsibility that underlies the allowance idea. Still—what father or mother never gets caught short and has to borrow? Surely Eddie is entitled to a break once in a while, when to withhold a gift or an advance would deprive him of some worth-while satisfaction that cannot be postponed.

After all, money—yours and your child's—is for *using*—for the good of the body, the mind and the heart.

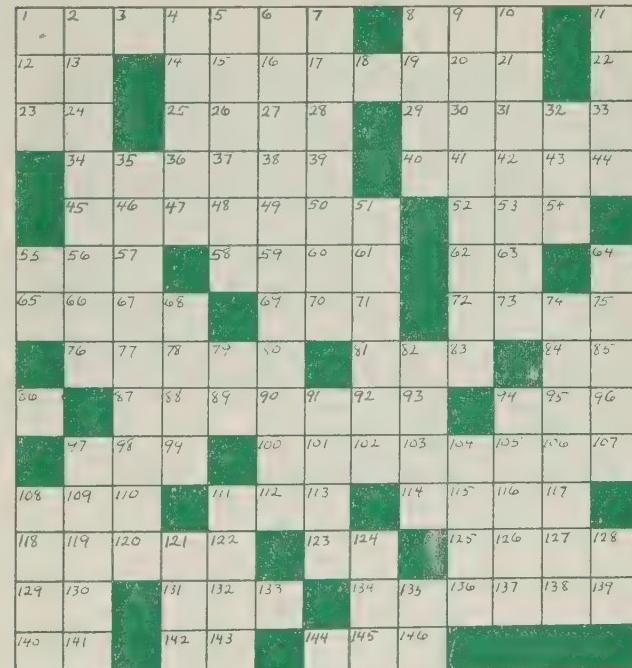
Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A	Liberty, independence	—	19	53	65	133	51	85	14
B	A food made from the curd of milk	—	103	77	116	96	118	89	
C	The shortest line to a place	—	45	104	61	121	62	39	74
D	The fringe of hair that edges the eyelid	—	140	28	50	127	78	110	56
E	Aided, assisted	—	135	129	88	58	124	138	
F	The last month of summer	—	120	59	144	20	91	131	
G	The sea upon which Christ walked	—	84	126	21	38	137	92	54
H	Chewing implements	—	114	108	101	97	132		
I	An exclamation of greeting	—	119	99	122	128	145		
J	A menace, a dare	—	68	115	139	82	106	72	
K	Cold and raw, or damp	—	134	98	136	79	46	75	
L	Sympathetic, gracious	—	107	18	141	146	33	44	
M	Tossed or mixed together confusedly	—	4	17	24	37	40	35	32
N	Threefold, triple	—	55	109	83	123	80	57	
O	Light jesting talk, banter	—	43	64	102	111	69		
P	First-year student in college	—	22	60	47	5	12	105	94



Q Strings used for sewing

R Perches, as chickens

S Large white animal of the Arctic regions

T Small or odd jobs, duties

U Ports, or havens

V To set at defiance

W A spirited horse

11 26 113 27 66 130 90

42 70 142 48 36 76

100 23 2 8 16 1 6 31 9

125 30 112 67 10 81

73 52 71 87 34 95 29

93 15 143 117

49 25 13 41 86

(Solution on page 41.)

Others

LIVE HERE, TOO!

By Mary F. Asay

THERE ARE times that "try men's souls" more than political or economic crises. One of these occurs after a hard day's work when a man looks forward to a relaxing hour with a favorite radio program. He hurries with his evening duties, keeping an eye on a favorite easy-chair near the radio. When he is ready for his anticipated pleasure, what a blow to find every comfortable chair taken and someone sprawled out on the living-room rug, with a murder mystery, the latest jazz hits, or a quiz program going at full blast! If one enjoys such programs, he can find a small straight chair or a stool and worm it somewhere into the family circle, provided he does not become hopelessly entangled in the miscellaneous array of feet and legs!

Why is it that the various members of the family generally prefer different radio programs, all

being broadcast at the same time? And why does it invariably happen that everyone in the family has an important date on the same night, creating a mad rush for the bathroom, heated conversation about the use of the family car, and high blood pressure over one's failure to get a telephone message through? Small wonder that Mother is left with something that resembles amnesia or dementia praecox!

At such times parents find themselves wishing there were a radio, telephone, bathroom, and car for every member of the family. Since very few families are able to enjoy such luxury, most of us must learn to live together so that each member can have the most satisfying and creative life possible. Such living requires careful planning

and wholehearted cooperation by each member of the family.

THE smaller the living quarters and the more active the family, the greater the difficulty in living harmoniously. When there are normal young people, there will be much activity and great pressure upon family life. Activity is essential to meet the normal needs and desires of youth—his gregarious tendencies, his need for a sense of "belongingness," his love of adventure. Secondary schools build their programs around the needs of youth, providing activities that consume many hours outside the classroom. The social life of the average young person today is also very demanding, not only because there are more opportunities for him, but also because competition is very intense. Youth has inherited many of the superficialities of the age; he demands better clothes, more money, ready-made entertainment, and the best equipment with which to work.

In the average family the conscientious mother works, plans, schemes, and prays to be able to give her children the opportunities they need and at the same time make the whole family harmonious. She generally must put her own plans and ambitions last and must scheme carefully to realize them at all. She frequently must make her engagements to meet the family schedule, or miss some anticipated event either because she could not leave the family to prepare their own meal, or because someone else needed the family car. Often she wears something she does not like too well because she had to fix

First Day of School

The room seems quiet as a mouse
Although the clock ticks loudly,
And in one corner of the house
The dolls sit stiffly, proudly.

The hours crawl on tortoise feet
That hitherto had wings.
It's such a lonesome little street
Where no one shouts or sings!

How did I ever harbor wishes
For just such peace and quiet,
When much too jangly seemed the dishes,
The house and yard a riot?

For now the noisy little brood
Has gone to school—in truth,
This silent, empty solitude,
Hurts like a hollow tooth!

—CORA MAY PREBLE

Janie's dress or Bob's suit and get it to the cleaners.

A weary mother could go to sleep happy if her efforts resulted in a peaceful, happy family. But more frequently she must lie awake long hours, despairing over the futility of her best efforts to have a smoothly run, peaceful household. Most parents soon realize that alone they cannot produce harmony in the family; that the more they do, the greater the demands upon them and the more taxing the family tensions. They know that satisfying all the desires of their children and making their lives too easy is harmful, even though they are giving these children very desirable opportunities. Yet they do not know how to change conditions. They have pleaded, scolded, threatened, and humored, with the result that they get little cooperation and sometimes even rebellion.

To say there is no answer would be to infer that youth is incurably selfish. Youth is neither selfish nor irresponsible. He is just as eager for a solution as his parents. His views, as expressed in the *New York Times*¹ really touch the heart of the problem.

He defined home as a place where "people love each other" and expressed a desire for more family fellowship and for parents who consulted them on family matters.

"We want to do our share of family tasks and duties, but why can't we talk over who is to do what and why? Then it's all more interesting and we can feel home is really ours, too.

"We want parents who realize we're growing up and stand beside us, not over us, the kind who are ready to talk things over instead of trying to boss us. We want the benefit of their guidance in important matters, but we don't want to be nagged about every little thing. What we hate most is being dictated to. After all, this is a democracy."

THE MOST democratic way to settle family questions about the

use of common properties such as the radio, bathroom, telephone, and so forth, is some type of family council, where problems may be solved by the entire family, young and old.

The form of such a council will depend upon the group itself, but the procedure should be democratic and businesslike, and the time of meeting very definite. It is best for the father to act as chairman, and one of the older children as secretary, elected, of course, by the family. The secretary should keep an accurate record of decisions made.

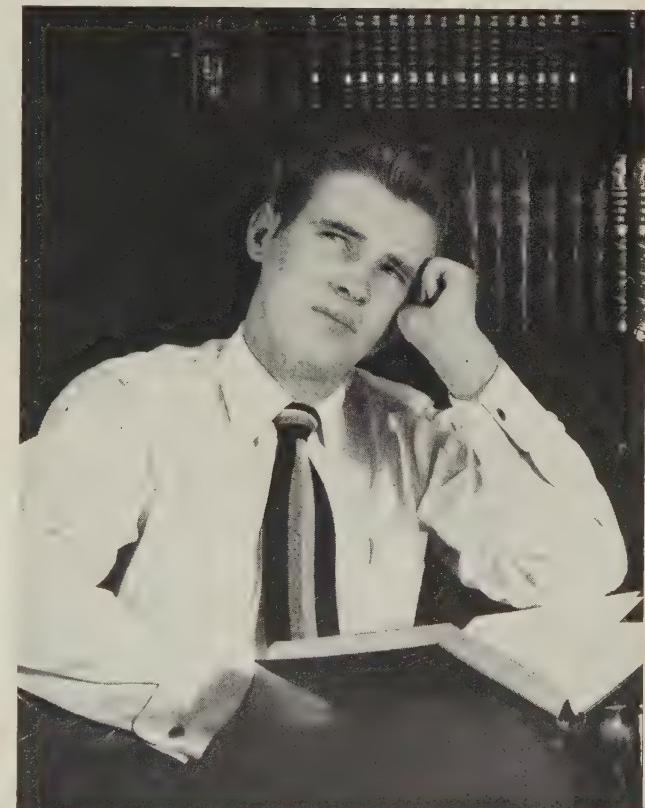
The council provides an opportunity for making family living Christian. The Christian spirit should pervade every meeting. It should be opened by a brief devotional and prayer, led by various members of the family, and should seek the Christian solution of a problem. For example, all the family might feel that Janie is having too many dates for the good of the family.

She does not help her mother enough, and monopolizes both the telephone and bathroom. She has frequent conflicts with Bob, who participates in various sports, also must make various phone calls, and goes out often.

The family should examine the situation sympathetically, and make recommendations *only* as the problem touches family life. Many decisions will have to be left for the parents and Janie, and the parents have to keep relation-

ships clear. The council might suggest that Bob could take his shower just before dinner while Janie helps her mother with the evening meal, and Janie could take hers immediately after dinner while Bob takes care of various duties and the young children help clear up the dishes.

Frequently some member of the family may have to give up something that is very dear to him for the good of the family. He can do this without resentment only as the spirit of Jesus predominates in the group. His spirit was one of self-denial on the one hand, and of love and appreciation for those who sacrificed on the other. So it is in the family group. Self-denial must be rewarded by genuine appreciation and love. When it is, many family tensions will vanish and the family will be drawn closer together. Desirable habits will become fixed as character, and the Christian way of living will be the way.



—Eva Luoma.

He'd like to read, but with the piano playing and the radio shouting, the competition is stiff.

¹The New York Times Magazine,
"Teen-Agers Give Their Views" by Catherine Mackenzie, September 11, 1949.

**Look around you . . .
then answer this . . .**

ARE YOU ROBBING YOUR CHILDREN?

By Mary Peacock

DO YOU know anyone who would like to buy a good secondhand piano?" a neighborhood friend inquired casually a few days ago when we chanced to meet.

"Why, I can't think of anybody just offhand," I replied. Then curiosity got the better of me, so I added a question of my own. "Whose piano is it, and what kind?"

"It's ours," she explained. "You played it once—that evening you dropped in with the Bakers, about a month ago. Remember?"

For a moment, I was too surprised to answer. Remember? How could anyone forget the singing tone hidden in those shining keys? Under my fingers, each note had seemed to come alive—vibrant and beautiful. I had lingered over the keys, secretly envying the owner of such a superb instrument, and wishing with all my heart that I had one like it. And now this same piano was for sale! I hadn't heard that the Ransoms were hard pressed financially, but surely nothing else could have induced them to part with such a gem.

Agnes Ransom was quick to catch the surprised expression on my face.

"Don't look so startled!" she laughed. "Haven't you ever heard of a person wanting to get rid of a piano before? You see, Joan is fifteen now—just the age when it's so vitally important to be popular.

So she wants a television set, with one of the new record players built in—and there just isn't space in the living room for the piano, too. It's one or the other, and since Joan doesn't especially care about learning to play, her father and I have decided that maybe she's right, after all. A television set and record player will give her much more pleasure, and keep her at home, too. So—out goes the piano!"

"But what about you?" I asked. "Won't you miss it?"

"A little," Agnes admitted. "Although I never did play very well. We really bought it for Joan, and now that she doesn't want it . . ."

Well, that was that. I had a perfectly good piano of my own and couldn't afford another one, as much as I would have liked it. But it was only a matter of days before someone did buy the Ransoms' piano, and a huge television, radio, record-player combination was installed in its place. There was no doubt about it—Joan was certainly going to be a popular young lady, and she was frankly delighted over the prospect of no more practice.

THE INCIDENT had almost passed from my mind, when a few days later, as I was having

lunch in a downtown restaurant, the hostess asked if she might seat another woman at my table. And in a short time, my companion and I were chatting away like old friends, for we discovered that we had a great mutual interest—music.

"You know," she confided, "I feel dreadfully sorry for the boys and girls growing up today—so few of them know what it is to have a piano in their homes. Why, I can't imagine home without a piano, can you?"

I heartily agreed that I felt precisely the same way about it. Then she told me about a bright little chap in her neighborhood who had begged for music lessons.

"But his parents wanted a television set," she said. "There was the matter of prize fights, you know—not to mention ball games. And how could they possibly afford a piano and television at the same time, plus the extra expense of lessons? So they talked Jimmy into seeing things their way. And now he's perfectly fascinated—and spends all his free time in the afternoon looking at Western movies, when he should be out playing."

My luncheon companion became quite emphatic as she summarized her story.



—Walter Herring.

The music we make ourselves is very close to our hearts.

"They're robbing their child, I tell you—" she asserted earnestly. "Those parents are actually robbing their child!"

I came away from luncheon more concerned than ever about music in our modern homes, and the fate of the family piano, in particular. How many parents, I wondered, are guilty of robbing their children of one of their natural heritages—the heritage of music? How many mothers and fathers are stifling the natural urge for self-expression in a child's heart by stimulating their desire for ready-made entertainment?

PLEASE understand that I am not condemning television or radio or record players, or underestimating the contributions they are making to our daily lives. Quite on the contrary, I feel that each one has a valuable place in our American way of living. Records are wonderful aids in teaching music appreciation to a child—in fact, I know of no better way to go about this kind of musical education. Records on the lighter side are ideal for teen-agers, too, who want to bring "the gang" home, now and then, for entertainment. Every family which is

fortunate enough to own a good record player, should be constantly building a library of fine music, and should see to it that the children hear this music often. I am not forgetting, either, that radio generously gives us an opportunity to hear great artists in our own homes—when we might never be able to hear them in person—while television brings the enchanted world of the theatre, as well as the vast arena of sports, to our very hearthstones. If a family can afford any or all of these advantages, so much the better. The life of that family will be enriched—provided, of course, that wisdom is used in the selection of programs. But if possessing these things means sacrificing the family piano, then isn't that a matter to ponder upon?

Not every child has a marked musical gift. But don't we owe it to these youngsters of ours to at least give them a try, and see for ourselves how much talent they may have? It would seem only fair to me, if parents would plan for at least two years of musical instruction for each child—either on the piano, or some other instrument of his choice. Then, if it appears to be hopeless, all right. Just forget about Junior's lessons, and never say "practice" again. If, on the other hand, the child makes progress, and shows an increasing enjoyment and appreciation of music, by all means let the lessons continue, even though it means sacrifice on your part. True, your child may never become a concert pianist, but who can measure the immense satisfaction that will come to him from his ability to express himself in music? We are told that the great symphonic conductor, Toscanini, did not come from a musical family. There was no apparent reason for his remarkable musical gift. But there it lay implanted deep within his heart and soul and mind. What if he had never been given the opportunity to develop it?

(Continued on page 16.)



Home by Suppertime

(From page 6.)

you, put a cherry in the white pan. For every good thing you have done for him, put a cherry in the gray pan. Then you can go and I will not try to stop you."

She turned and left the room.

It seemed like an eternity to Anna before he finally called, "I've picked 'em all up." But she couldn't tell from his voice whether her scheme had worked or not.

She found him standing by the kitchen table staring down with flushed face at the two pans. The gray one was still empty.

Then he looked up, and Anna saw that a new, sober honesty had replaced the sullen rebellion on his face.

"It wasn't no use," he said quietly, "I couldn't think of nothin'-anything—I'd ever done for him. But I can maybe think of something to do if I go home now!"

"Good," approved Anna softly. "Good. You'll get home in time for supper."

And as she watched him take the meadow path homeward, Anna's eyes were misty, for in her slow way, she sensed she had just seen the miracle of a boy turning into a man.

ALL three of my own children are enthusiastic piano students. The older one asked for lessons before I even realized that she was ready to begin. But the seven-year-old twins were adamant. They didn't want music lessons, they didn't want to practice—they knew they would hate the whole distasteful business! But they promised to try it for one year just to please me—whereupon I promptly called the teacher for a confidential chat.

"It doesn't matter to me if they don't learn to play right off," I said. "I want them to learn to love music. And I am sure that if they learn to like you, the rest will follow."

That's the way it works. Sometimes I'm afraid we expect too much both of the teacher and the child. They both need time. You can't just push a youngster into music and expect him to love it, much less learn to play well. Music is an art, and must be approached with an understanding heart. With all the modern methods at hand, music lessons these days can actually be fun! So give the teacher your complete confidence, and don't be discouraged if Junior isn't able to give a recital after the first few lessons. One of these days, he may surprise you!

BUT TO get back to the beginning—Joan Ransom is indeed a popular girl these days. I can see the young folks trooping in and out of her house any evening that I pass by. But some day, Joan will be a woman, with a home of her own—and along the way, between now and then, she will discover that life has its dark hours of heartache and tragedy, as well as its shining moments of happiness. Wouldn't it be a blessed thing for her to be able to seek out the piano at a time of acute loneliness or despair, and let her fingers find in the keys beneath them the healing and the peace that self-expression brings? For the music we make ourselves is very close to our hearts. It is comforting and kind, the perfect antidote for sorrow. And what of Joan's children? Will they have a piano of their own, and if they do, how will Joan feel when they say, "But why can't you play, Mommie? Sally's mother can—and they have more fun singing together at her house!"

Oh, surely you will agree with me that the family which gathers around the piano for an evening "sing" is much more closely knit together than the family which spends the entire evening watching television, playing records, or even listening quietly to the radio.

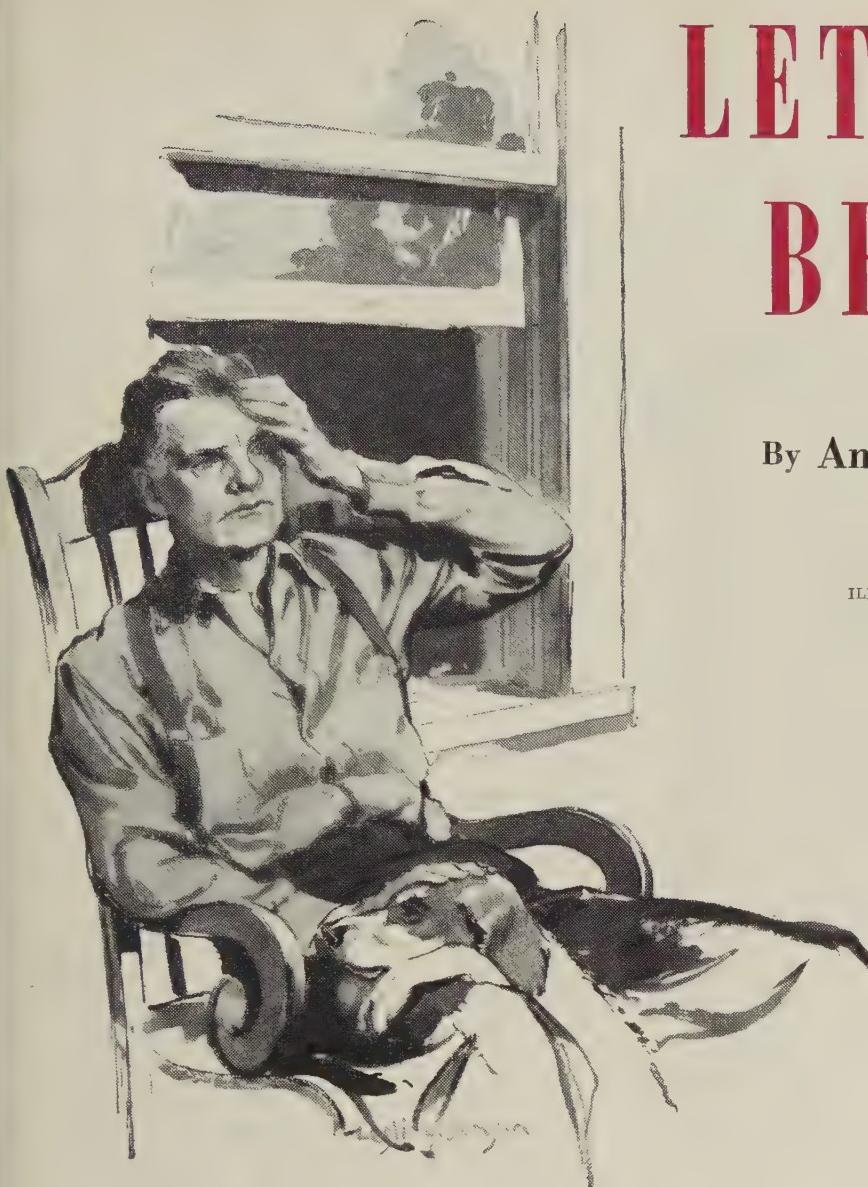
There is a time for all these things, and I would not willingly discourage any of them. But please, save some time, too, for the piano—with the family grouped around it, singing well-loved hymns, the dear old songs of Stephen Foster, or even the sparkling new melodies that grace the field of popular music. It isn't so much the song that matters. It's the singing together that counts!

So, before the truck comes to haul it away, think twice about that piano of yours. Are you really doing the right thing—the wisest, the best thing—for those whose cultural and spiritual development is entrusted to your care? Or are you, all unconsciously, robbing your children?

LET THERE BE LIGHT

By Annie Kendall Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON



After settling himself comfortably in his favorite chair, Tom rubbed his forehead worriedly. There was such a little time to set things in order.

IT WAS AFTER sundown when Tom Bently walked carefully down the porch to his favorite chair and settled himself comfortably. He let his hand rest for a moment on Mike's head. The little spotted dog wriggled, and raked his nails against the floor.

This was the pleasantest time of day with the crickets chirping, but tonight Tom was too tired to relax. His lips turned up at the corners as he remembered the six extra posts he had set this afternoon. All day he had driven himself as he had thirty years ago digging holes for the big pasture fence, but this time there came up only little

dribbles of dirt, instead of the big mouthfuls spit out by the posthole digger then. He rubbed his forehead worriedly. There was such a little time to set everything in order.

Tom had a decision to make. He should have put things straight in his mind in the daylight when a man's courage wasn't so scarce.

He drew a deep shattering breath of disappointment and pulled on the arms of the rocker irritably. It was as if with rest and the coming of night he expected a miracle to occur in his brain and settle the nagging thoughts, but instead they were now turned loose in full fury.

He had never been one to consider himself. During Jennie's lifetime, he had always wanted to please her. After that there had been so much to do—take care of her flowers and the house, make the garden, feed Mike and the stock, plant a crop.

There was a little money saved; if there had been more would it make any difference? He shook his head. Perhaps not. Nothing mattered now that he had time to think about it. He shut his fists tight and pounded the arms of the rocker. Mike edged closer and lay on his feet.

After a while, Tom got up slowly and went to the kitchen for a drink of water. Coming out he stopped, then shut his eyes and walked down the porch and back, stepping the distance carefully. A twinge in his left leg made him sit down quickly.

Stalling, that was it, like a child afraid of a licking. If he could just set out the good and bad points of both sides and decide which he wanted as he used to do when he traded horses—he hadn't been one to dillydally then.

HIS WHOLE SOUL was full of loathing. The bitterness welled up inside until he was sick at his stomach. "Blind, blind!" he

spoke contemptuously. He spat disgustedly and stretched his aching leg against the post.

Mike reared up to nose the hand on the arm of the rocker. Tom patted the dog absent-mindedly. It was enough to be alone. Why, oh, why, did he have to go blind?

Tom tried to remember passages in the Bible which would take some of the ache and indecision out of his tired mind, but nothing seemed real or meant for him.

If he underwent the operation the specialist recommended there was a chance that he would see again; on the other hand, he might be blind for the rest of his life. If he didn't have the operation he would surely be blind, or almost, in a few months. How could anyone know what to do?

The doctors and nurses would get all of his savings, and there would be weeks in the hospital. There would be treatments and drug bills after that and perhaps another operation next year. He didn't have that much money; he would have to sell this place—his home. How could he?

His sister, Anna, who lived in the city, would give him a home if necessary, but he didn't want charity even from her. There would be nothing for him even if he kept his sight, living there. What was a man at his age without the things around him he had used and loved—this chair, Mike, the flowers? He drew a deep

breath. The large bunch of petunias at the corner of the porch filled the air with fragrance; their white faces were a blur in the darkness.

Tom groaned and rubbed his hands over his face and tousled his hair. His mother used to say that rebellion against pain was greater sorrow than the pain itself.

If he could conquer this rebellion against blindness would it be so hard to bear? He was so tired fighting. Could he be big enough to make a decision now and live without regrets if the light went out? Tom slid farther back in his chair and Mike sat between his knees.

WHAT WOULD he have here without sight? He could begin now to memorize every step to the garden, the barn, and in the house. He already knew every tree, fence, and stone on the place, and Mike would see for him and guide him. They understood each other. Anna talked too much; she would get on his nerves no matter how well he could see.

Come to think of it, when had he seen the moonlight on the lake or the sunrise from a campfire? Those were things he had loved when he was younger and he still had them. He knew just how the crab apple tree looked and smelled when in full bloom, and he hadn't been near it since Jennie died. He knew just how she looked, too. A man's whole life had been lived seeing things, storing up pictures,

and if he couldn't go on seeing them there wasn't any reason for not knowing how they looked. The pain began easing out of his chest and his brain started working again.

He could tell the difference between grass and garden truck with his fingers. A man could crawl along and tend a garden, even a corn crop, if he could find the furrows to plant it in. He might have a little sight left, if the doctors didn't go to meddling with what there was left in his eyes.

A radio would help. He would buy one the next time he went to town, and later on if he couldn't see enough to go to town, the neighbors would bring his groceries. Anna would come stay *with him* if he were helpless, and he would never have to give up Mike, nor this chair.

TOM PRESSED his head back against the chair and felt peace coming in with his breath. There hadn't been any heart in getting ready for an operation, but he could be so busy and interested in getting ready not to see that he wouldn't have time to worry.

Tom looked at the dim outline of the trees and felt new life flowing into him. There would be so many beautiful sights he would try not to miss anything with the sight left in him. As in the Bible—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely," and so on, he would think of them and when his eyes didn't work any more there would be so much light stored inside he wouldn't know the difference.

He got up briskly; the tiredness was almost gone. He would hunt a pencil and write that doctor tonight. An operation would not be necessary. He would take a chance with what sight he had.

Tom stood by the post for a long moment and looked at the stars. "I am the way, the truth and—the light" they seemed to say, and as he walked inside with Mike beside him he was singing softly,

"Shine all around me by day and by night, Jesus, the light of the world."



Sink Sonnettes

By Frances Brown

EXASPERATING

'Twas a most provoking thing, I'll say!
What should I do about it, pray?
For on my freshly painted wall,
I found this round and boyish scrawl,
"Dear Mom, I hope I'm kind like
you someday."

Daisy

exercise

food

sleep

sunshine

love

friendships

the arts

Budgets

kindness

play

education

activity

handwork

laughter

faith

for Health

hobbies

service

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND how your family is always so healthy," Daisy, my new neighbor, said as she came into the kitchen one morning and slumped into a chair. "Why, I never know from one day to the next whether Johnny and Mary will be well or not. What's your secret, Madge?"

"It's no secret," I said as I dried the orange squeezer. "We have a planned health program."

Daisy looked up questioningly. "You mean everything you do is planned? Oh, bother, that would be like budgeting and I hate to budget. We always run out of money before pay day but I tell Joe I just can't budget. He'll have to take me as I am."

I looked at her pale face, uncombed hair and soiled brunch coat. Poor Joe!

"But, Madge," she continued. "I am really worried. We spend so much on doctor bills and the children are behind in school because they are absent so often, and ... and ... Joe goes out every evening." She was almost crying.

"There now, Daisy," I said as I put my hand on her shoulder to comfort her.

"You ... you always look so nice, Madge, even early in the morning.

Your skin and hair are so healthy, and you have more pep and ambition than anyone I know. I'd give anything if I could be like you. I'd...I'd even try to plan our health if necessary. I'm afraid Joe is getting tired of me and that mustn't happen. Will you help me, Madge?" she pleaded.

"Of course, I will if I can... but you need pepping up first. That calls for a shower, clean clothes and a stiff brush to your hair," I suggested.

"I know," she grinned good-naturedly. "I am sort of a mess." She started out the door.

"By the way," I asked. "How long has it been since you took a walk?"

"A walk! Why, I don't know. I have the car every day. I don't need to walk anyplace."

"But you should," I said. "Put on low heels and we'll take a walk."

AS WE WALKED down the tree-lined street of our small town, Daisy said, "Now tell me

about your health program, from the very beginning—right after you and Bill were married."

We were just an average couple who tried to make the most of life but Daisy thought we were something special. However, I was glad to do whatever I could to help her with her problem. Bill and I did not have much time alone after our marriage for in two and one-half years we had two children, Jerry and Judy, eighteen months apart. I didn't know anything about babies and couldn't afford to buy books on child training so I borrowed every one I could from the public library and studied them. All the authorities seemed to agree that a regular schedule was important, so I bathed, fed and put the babies to bed at regular hours. Parties and night visiting were out, and since we couldn't afford a baby-sitter, we stayed home those first few years. Very young children kept out past their bedtime are robbed of much needed sleep that helps build up a good nervous system. "Which is more important when you look at it from a long-range view, a party and visiting with friends, or a healthy start in life?" I asked Daisy.

"A healthy start in life, of course, but I didn't see it that way

By Lenelle

Marsh Kanthack

when my children were small. Joe and I were always dragging them here and there," she admitted. "But what bothers me now is that eternal question, 'Mamma, what can I do now?' when they have dozens of toys to play with. What do you do when they ask that?"

"Children have to be busy or they are a bore to themselves and their parents. Make sure they have play material that tests their ingenuity. Our 50x50-foot play yard and equipment at the back of our yard takes care of that. The ground is sand with no grass or flowers to hinder them in their play. They can dig to their hearts' content, for there are no calls of 'No, no—don't dig there. You will ruin my flowers! A swing, a small teeter-totter, a slide made from an old wagon wheel are some of our play equipment. There are also old boards, nails, a saw and hammer for them to use."

"But Joe isn't handy about the place like Bill is," Daisy said.

"He can learn. Bill didn't know the first thing about it either, but we didn't have the money to buy those things so he had to make them himself. Then as Jerry and Judy grew he added bars and rings so we could all exercise regularly."

"But Joe and I would rather sleep than exercise," she said.

"Sleep is important, but you also need exercise and lots of sunshine and fresh air. Good nourishing meals too," I said as we came up to Grandma Brown's little white house nestled among the trees. The red rambler roses climbing the white picket fence made it look like a quaint old-fashioned picture.

"Hello, Grandma," I called.

She looked up from her weeding and beckoned to us. "Come in and have a drink of fruit juice and rest a bit."

"We'll be glad to."

"I should say we will," Daisy said. "I haven't walked so far in years."

Grandma chuckled. "You can't live near my granddaughter long and not learn that she's a health enthusiast."

"I take after you, Grandma, and I hope I'm as healthy and happy when I'm seventy-five as you are."

"I hope you are too, Madge. It's fun to be alive when you are well."

"I've been very lax in my health and my family's," Daisy said to Grandma, "but I'm going to do better from now on. Madge has been settting me right."

"Have you discussed emotions—your loves, hates, fears, worries, and prejudices?" Grandma asked as we walked to the house.

"No-o-o. Do they affect one's health?" Daisy asked.

"Indeed they do. I learned that many years ago when I read a book called *In Tune with the Infinite* by Ralph Waldo Trine. That book changed my whole line of thinking. *As a Man Thinketh* by James Allen and *Stop Worrying and Get Well* by Edward Podolsky are other books chock-full of excellent information. The latest addition to my library is *A Guide to Confident Living* by Norman Vincent Peale. Of course, there are many other pertinent books, but these are my favorites."

WE WALKED into a small, cozy room lined with books. "By the way," Grandma asked when we were seated in large comfortable chairs drinking our fruit juice. "How is your C.Q.?"

"My C.Q!" Daisy asked. "What on earth is that? I know what I.Q. means but I've never heard of C.Q."

PROVERBS 10:1



A WISE SON MAKETH A
GLAD FATHER.

"It means 'conversation quotient,'" Grandma answered. "A high percentage of our conversation is about illness. If we could only interpret the usual greeting, 'How are you?' to mean 'How are you thinking?' instead of 'How are you feeling?' it would benefit us all. There are so many interesting things that we can think about and discuss."

"Such as books, civic and national affairs, sewing, cooking, gardening, child care and countless hobbies," I said.

"Yes, and many others. We could take a hint from the younger generation in this matter. Listen to their conversation," Grandma continued. "They do not talk about their ailments. They will sympathize with someone and make a call or send flowers to a sick friend, but then they go quickly to other interests."

"I hadn't thought much about it before, but you are right, Grandma," Daisy said. "I'll try to raise my C.Q." She took a book from the shelf and paged through it. "I would like to read this one. Would you loan it to me?"

"Of course, and I'll loan you others whenever you wish. My hobby is to help people keep healthy and happy," she said.

As we left Grandma Brown's house Daisy said, "This has been a wonderful morning, Madge. I feel that it's the turning point of my life. I'm going to budget for health from now on."

"You won't be sorry for we have to plan and work for what we think is worth while in life," I said.

That was several months ago. We have had many long walks together since then. Daisy is like a different person now. I won't say that she and her family are in perfect health because years of careless living takes its toll, but their health has improved greatly. John and Mary seldom lose a day from school and Joe spends most of his evenings at home. If more Daisy's and Joe's would plan their health program when they begin their married life together, we would have happier homes and a healthier nation.



—Harold L. Phillips.

Using the Bible In Family Worship

By Margaret S. Ward

FAMILIES enjoy doing many things together, but for Christian families one of their richest experiences is that of family worship. Most Christian parents will admit that they would like to find time for worship as a family. Many remember their own childhood when the family listened while Father read a chapter from the Bible every morning and then offered prayer. It started the day off right. It helped keep before them the idea that they were God's children and were seeking to follow in his right paths. It gave

strength to meet the burdens of the day.

But today, many, if not all of our Christian families are seldom together as a unit. That is the price we must pay for our modern ways of living. Our family is together only at the evening meal. That seemed the poorest time of day to worship. Children were tired. There were homework and practicing to be done. Dinner dishes must be hurried through and the youngest child put to bed in time for the evening's activities, many of them church activities.

But we as a family decided that if this was the only time when we could have family worship, it would have to be then. Worshiping as a family is part of God's plan for Christian families. We parents fail in our divinely given responsibility if we do not make worshiping together a normal, natural, and integral part of our Christian family life.

WHEN we think of the materials we should use in our family worship, our first choice is always the Bible. The Bible is the unique book, the best book. It is the Word of God to guide those families who seek to be Christian. It is the book Christian parents wish their children to grow up loving and honoring, because they understand how it can help them live in the very best way. The Bible is the best book in the world to help families to know God better. It gives them the matchless story of Jesus. It contains rules to follow in our family living. The Bible is full of noble, beautiful passages which a family may read or recite as an expression of their true feelings about God. But the way in which we will use the Bible in family worship should be varied. It will

depend so much upon the age and experience of the family group. It can be as interesting and challenging as the imaginations of the family members will allow.

Family worship in the olden days followed much the same pattern. A complete chapter from the Bible was read every morning or evening. More often than not, the father of the family was the one who read the Bible. Some families where there are only adults involved may prefer still to follow this same plan of using the Bible in family worship. But in most modern families, a different use of the Bible probably would be more helpful.

BIBLE readings must be carefully selected for young children to understand and use. Probably most parents feel at a loss to know where to find those single verses or short passages which will have the most meaning to their children. For them it is a good plan to look for the Scripture references in the leaflets and quarterlies which the children bring home from church school every Sunday. These Sunday school materials are prepared by excellently trained writers and editors. Parents should make use of their knowledge and skill in the choice of Bible material that will be within the understanding of the children. All of these references to memory verses and Bible stories can and should be used in the family worship services.

In our family, which consists of father, mother, and three children, each member takes his turn leading the family worship. The youngest child holds her Bible leaflet so that everyone can see the picture on the front. She talks about the pictures in her own way, often telling the Bible story as she remembers it. Then she asks her father or mother or older sister to read the story from the Bible. The reference is always given in the leaflet. Then we all help her to say the memory verse which is also printed in the leaflet.

The two older children are of junior age. They can use the Bible in a different way in family worship. They themselves select a

short passage of Scripture from the lesson they have studied in their quarterlies the Sunday before. Usually they make a brief comment about the selection, so that the youngest child will understand a little more of its meaning. Then they read this passage from their own Bibles which they prize very highly. Following this they usually read a poem or a story from their quarterlies which emphasizes the Bible truth in modern everyday living.

Another way to use the Bible in family worship is to follow the daily Bible readings which are sometimes included in the Sunday school materials or weekly story papers. A few sentences are given with the Bible references to explain why they have been chosen and why they are helpful. These should be shared with the family by the one who has been chosen to read the Bible passage that day. Many families, except those where there are very young children, like to follow the selected Bible readings in the special devotional material provided by their own denomination.

MOST FAMILIES make a special celebration of certain events in their family life or special holidays. There are many appropriate Bible verses or passages which can be discovered by older members of the family and used in the family worship on those days. A Bible concordance or dictionary would be a big help in looking up such passages. For example, on a child's birthday, the story of Jesus' boyhood and twelfth birthday from Luke 2:40-52 would be appropriate, with special emphasis given to Luke 2:40, 52 which describes the way Jesus grew and how we hope our children will continue to grow. For older youth, a passage such as Proverbs 3:1-7 or Psalm 1 could be selected. On the day that a new school year opens, the verses from Proverbs 3:13-24 and 4:5-9 would give biblical guidance for learning.

Before a child goes away to summer camp, the story of Jacob in Genesis 28:10-16 or Psalm 121 would suggest God's presence in all places.

Patriotic holidays, such as Co-

lumbus Day, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, and Fourth-of-July provide excellent opportunities for using stories of some of the great Bible heroes and leaders in the family worship, stories of Abraham, Moses, Samuel, Joseph, David, Amos, Paul. In this way the Bible will not be a dull and uninteresting book, but an inspired source of exciting stories and experiences. The family worship on Mother's Day might center around the passage describing a worthy woman in Proverbs 31:10-31, or a story of a good Bible mother, Hannah, in 1 Samuel 1:20-28. On Labor Day Bible passages about workers in the Bible or about doing work well would be appropriate, Exodus 20:9; John 5:17; 2 Timothy 2:15; Ecclesiastes 9:10; Mark 1:16-20.

In our family we also have tried to make use in the family worship of all longer passages that have been learned by the older children in the church school. At Thanksgiving we have used Psalm 100 and at Christmas we have often repeated together the beautiful passage from Luke 2:8-20. To encourage the committing to memory of many Bible verses which will form a rich treasure house in later life, we sometimes give our favorite Bible verses at the family worship hour and tell why we like them or what they have meant to us.

WHERE there are older boys and girls in the family, the use of different translations of the Bible often provides an interesting and challenging experience. Most families would have at least two versions, the King James and the American Revised. Some families will have Moffatt's translation or the new Revised Standard Version of the New Testament. A portion of Scripture read in several different translations often brings new, hidden meaning to familiar passages.

Another good way to use the Bible—and this, again, would be true where the children in the family are not too young—is to read through a whole book in the Bible, reading either a chapter at

(Continued on page 46.)

Rockhounding

—It's a family-wide hobby and it doesn't cost a cent!
Here's how it's done.

By F. E. and Adeline Rankin

DOES YOUR family have an every-member, year-round hobby? If not, rockhounding may be a natural for you.

In the first place, rockhounding is a natural hobby. No concise, accurate definition of the word is possible, but probably "enjoyment of rocks" would come as close to a general explanation of the term as is possible.

Rockhounding may begin before a child has outgrown his crib. Almost any child, taking his first faltering steps outdoors, will stumble over a pretty rock, and pick it up—to examine it orally if Mother doesn't interfere, visually if she prevents his stuffing it in his mouth. Nearly all small children collect rocks, or attempt to. Don't discourage this trait; develop it.

But a taste for rockhounding may be acquired from exposure to the hobby at any time in life. Many persons have reached middle age before discovering it as a recreational activity.

A spontaneous approach to the earth "sciences," the easiest one from the family standpoint, and the one which provides a most important step in the understanding of your children is "rockhunting."

THE FIRST few field trips should be made with the help of someone thoroughly familiar with

the country and the specimens apt to be found in that location, if it is at all possible. College professors, high school science teachers, mining engineers, and members of more than 250 active mineral clubs throughout the United States are sources from which an aide for beginners may be obtained. Your chamber of commerce or local dealers in mineral specimens should be able to help you.

These failing, your librarian will probably be your main source of information. She will no doubt have on file the publications of your state division of mines and be able to help you interpret them. *Mineral Collectors Handbook* by Dr. Richard Pearl lists several sources of information. Three magazines which give locations for rockhunting trips in each issue are: *Rocks and Minerals* (published bi-monthly at Peekskill, New York); *The Mineralogist* (published at Portland, Oregon); and *Mineral Notes and News* (official publication of the California Federation of Mineralogical Societies, printed at Bakersfield, Calif.). *The Earth Science Digest* originates at Revere, Massachusetts. The last three named are monthlies.

While you are at the library, it would be well to pick up one of the elementary books to aid in the

identification of your finds: *The Rock Book* by the Fentons, *Getting Acquainted With Minerals* by English, *Field Book of Common Rocks and Minerals* by Loomis, and *Quartz Family Minerals* by Dr. Dake, editor of *The Mineralogist*, are books we always recommend to the novice. Also very good are Hawkins' *Book of Minerals* and Hurlburt's revision of Dana's *Minerals and How to Study Them*. All these books give much additional information, including practical hints on preparations for field trips.

Nearly every year Grieger's of Pasadena, California, issue an encyclopedia and catalog, commonly known as *The Rockhounds' Bible*, which sells for a dollar, and gives a wealth of up-to-date information.

WHEN YOU'RE fully (?) prepared, go ahead and have a swell day picnicking and hunting rocks. If other members of the family want to collect butterflies or botany specimens, take pictures, fish, be lazy and acquire a sunburn, or tear loose and play Injuns and cowboys, let 'em! You'll soon find they're hunting for rocks just as hard as you are! If you've been able to inveigle a mineralogist, or even another amateur rockhound, to make the trip with you, you may be able to identify some of your finds in the field, but no doubt most of them will have to wait until you get home.

(Continued on page 31.)

WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY

with Young Children

Prayer on a Birthday

God, our Father, every time
That a birthday comes for me,
And I've lived a whole year longer,
Let me also wiser be;
Help me, God, to always know
There are many ways to grow.
Let me grow the wisest way,
This I pray. Amen.

—MARY AMBLER MARSHALL

St. Richard's Prayer

Day by day,
Dear Lord, of thee three things I pray:
To see thee more clearly,
Love thee more dearly,
Follow thee more nearly,
Day by day. Amen.

—ST. RICHARD OF CHICHESTER

Friend of Helpless Things

I love to hear the robin sing,
Perched on the highest bough;
To see the rook with purple wing
Follow the singing plow.

I love to watch the swallow skim
The river in his flight;
To mark, when day is growing dim,
The glowworm's silvery light.

The sea gull whiter than the foam,
The fish that dart beneath;
The lowly cattle coming home;
The goats upon the heath.

Almighty Father, King of kings,
The Lover of the meek,
Make me a friend of helpless things,
Defender of the weak.

—EDWARD JOHN BRAILSFORD



Worshiping God Thro

GRÖWTH is part of God's plan for persons just as it is for other forms of life on the earth. Children have an inherent desire to "grow big." Most of them do not seem to refer only to physical growth in relation to what they can do in expressing this desire. Many times little children are heard to say, "When I am big, I will be a mother and take care of the children." "When I am big I will go to work every day like daddy." "Now I am bigger and I can do lots of things to help."

Growth and learning take place at the same time. God planned the home in which to nurture growth. Parents have the supreme privilege of guiding, protecting and nurturing the physical, mental, social and spiritual growth of their children. Every activity of every day provides an opportunity for such nurture. (Read 1 Sam. 1:21-28; 2:21, 26; Deut. 31:12-13.)

Good physical care nurtures physical growth. Friendly attitudes and relationships within the home nurture social growth. Respecting a child as a person, answering his questions honestly and sincerely, and discussing with him things on his level of understanding nurture mental growth. Associating with mature Christian persons who give a religious interpretation to things the child sees about him,

We Would Bring Our Treasures

The wise may bring their learning;
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness;
And some bring strength and health;
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning;
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play;
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these we all may bring.

—ANONYMOUS

Prayer

Dear Father, thank you for bodies that grow larger and stronger; for minds that grow in understanding; and for hearts that love you and want to follow your way of living. Amen.

Rowing and Learning

and who strengthen precept by example, nurtures religious growth. The result of such nurture is a well-developed Christian personality. (Read Luke 1:80; 2:40, 52.)

The following verses or others which you may choose, and the poems on these pages may help you to interpret growth to your child.

A soft answer turneth away wrath;
But a grievous word stirreth up anger. (Prov. 15:1.)

A friend loveth at all times. (Prov. 17:17.)
That which maketh a man to be desired is his kindness. (Prov. 19:22.)

Even a child maketh himself known by his doings,

Whether his work be pure, and whether it be right. (Prov. 20:11.)

So whatever you wish that men would do to you, so do to them. (Matt. 7:12.)

And be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another. (Eph. 4:32.)

Let brotherly love continue. Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers. (Heb. 13:1-2.)

For further suggestions read "Your Child's Spiritual Awareness," page 42."

A Prayer for Growth

There are so many things to learn
That I should like to know;

Help me to use the mind You gave,
Help me, O God, to grow.

There are so many things to do
That take my strength and skill;

Help me to keep my body strong
So it will match my will.

There are so many ways to help
Wherever I may be;

Help me to act more kindly, God,
To friends and family.

Amen.

—MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCRAW

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Best of All the Things We Do

Best of all the things we do—

Jumping, chasing, throwing,
Skipping, bathing, riding, sailing—
Best of all is growing.

Something calls us onward, upward;
Mighty Maker, is it Thou?
Is Thy strength within us rising
Like the life within the bough?

Who but Thee could shape a man,
Supple, swift, and daring?
Shed through every vein and muscle
Energy unsparing?

Thou who madest flame and snowflake,
Spider's web and new-born foal,
Made these eyes for our delighting,
Made the mind we each control.

Rivers racing full and free,
Seaward now are going:
So the joy and vigor in us
Back to Thee are flowing.
Take our brimming strength and use it;
Let our minds be nimble, free;
Keep our spirits ever reaching
Upward, God of Truth, to Thee.

—DORIS M. GILL

Cuddle Bear Learns About Little Things

By Anne M. Halladay

CUDDLE Bear had just finished his breakfast porridge when he heard the pad, pad of footsteps on the forest path outside the old mine.

"That is Cinnamon Bear. I'm glad that he is early." Cuddle Bear smiled across at Big Brown Bear Mama. She was brushing the ashes away from in front of the fireplace.

Cinnamon Bear was Cuddle's best friend. Cinnamon lived further up the hill with his Cinnamon Bear Papa and Mama.

Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon Bear had big plans for this morning. They were going to dig a cave in the river bank and have a place to play in that would be all their own.

Cuddle Bear pushed himself away from the breakfast table and ran to the door.

"Hello, Cinnamon Bear! I'll be right out," Cuddle Bear's voice was high and happy.

But Cinnamon Bear was quiet and looked up soberly at Cuddle Bear.

"Say, Cuddle," he said, "I have something to tell you."

Cuddle Bear stopped just inside the door.

"What? Can't you go to the river bank?"

"Oh yes," Cinnamon Bear answered quickly, "but on the way down here I met Sammy Squirrel. He wants to work on the cave with us."

"Sammy Squirrel!" Cuddle Bear squealed out the name. "Why, he can't dig a cave. He's too little. He'll just be in the way. What did you tell him?"

Cinnamon Bear squirmed on one foot then the other.

"Well, he wanted to come so badly that—well, I—"

"You told him that he could come," Cuddle Bear answered his own question and finished with a stomp of his foot. It set the honey pots on Big Brown Bear Mama's shelf into a tinkle. They sounded almost as though they might be laughing at Cuddle and it made him more cross than before.

"I thought maybe Sammy could help a little." Cinnamon Bear tried to make some excuse for himself.

"Sammy Squirrel helping!" Cuddle Bear threw back his fuzzy little head and laughed. But it was

not a pleasant laugh like the one the honey pots had made.

"Well, we had better get started anyway," Cuddle Bear stomped out the door into the morning sunshine and the two little bears were off down the path.

"Did you tell Sammy where we were going?" Cinnamon nodded.

"He said that he would be there early."

And sure enough when Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon Bear ran out into the clearing along the river bank, a flash of red in the willow tree that hung over the water told them that Sammy Squirrel had kept his word.

"Hello, Cinnamon! Hello, Cuddle Bear," Sammy chattered and waved his bushy tail in greeting.

"Hello, Sammy!" Cinnamon answered.

"Hello!" Cuddle Bear let all of his grumpy feelings out in his voice.

But soon all differences were forgotten in the fun of making plans.

"Let's start under that rock," Cuddle Bear pointed. "It is shady there and besides there's a hole already started underneath it."

Soon the dirt was flying in all directions. Sammy Squirrel turned out to be quite a digger after all. Only once in a while Cinnamon or Cuddle had to help him move a stone. It was not long before they had a hole large enough to crawl into. Then after much tugging Cuddle Bear pulled out quite a large rock and gave a squeal of delight.

"Look, Cinnamon! Look, Sammy! There's a big hole behind this rock. All we have to do now is to dig a little around it and we are through."

Such a fury of dirt scratching now! One dug, the other two pushed the earth to the doorway and let it roll down the bank.

"Let's all go in and see if it isn't big enough now," Cuddle Bear took the lead.

They crawled as far back into the hole as they could and turned about to look out the door.

Then something happened.

"Look, we can see across the river—" Cuddle Bear pointed.

But there was no looking. For just as Cuddle Bear spoke, a strange rattling sound startled them, the earth shook, then crash, thud! And all was dark about them.

"E-e-e-e!" squealed Cuddle Bear. "It's the big rock. It slid down! We're shut in!"



A Day in Town

By Doris Clore Demaree

TOMORROW we will go into town. We will get you some new shoes for school. We will go to Aunt Grace's for dinner," said Mrs. Dorrell to Jasper, her son.

"Is Pop going with us?" Jasper asked.

"We are going with him," laughed Mrs. Dorrell. "He is taking a load of corn to the mill to have it ground for feed. We will ride on the wagon with him."

Jasper thought that would be fun. He polished his old shoes until they shone: Mrs. Dorrell heated water in the wash boiler on the kitchen stove. When it was hot enough she poured it into the wash tub for Jasper to take his bath. Mr. Dorrell got out his scissors. He trimmed Jasper's hair around his ears

"E-e-e!" squealed Cinnamon. "And no one can hear us. What will we do? There's only a tiny crack left. How will we get out?" Cinnamon's voice was as shaky as his legs.

All was dark and still in the cave for a minute. Then a tiny voice spoke. It was Sammy Squirrel.

"I can get out through that crack." In the darkness Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon could hear Sammy's little paws scratching and the crack grew larger. All in a minute Sammy Squirrel had squeezed through.

"I'll run and bring Big Brown Bear Papa and Cinnamon Bear Papa," he called back.

And for the second time that day Sammy Squirrel kept his word. For although it seemed a long long time to Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon huddled there in the dark hole, scarcely one Crow call passed before they heard voices and the pad of Big Bear feet outside. Then the big stone in front of them moved and light flooded into the hole once again.

"E-e-e-e!" squealed Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon Bear as they ran out into the daylight.

"Well—next time you dig, dig on top of a stone instead of under it," Big Brown Bear Papa's voice was a little scoldy. But everyone was so glad to have it all turn out so well with no bear hurt that any further scolding was forgotten.

"You dug a big cave in a hurry," Cinnamon Bear Papa said.

"Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon did most of it," Sammy Squirrel told them. "I can't work as fast as they do."

(Continued on page 28.)

and on the back of his neck. They went to bed early so they would be ready to get up early the next morning.

It was just beginning to get light when Mrs. Dorrell wakened Jasper. He could smell the ham and eggs and the hot biscuits. His mother had been up for a long time. So had his father. They hurried with breakfast. Jasper fed the chickens while his mother washed the dishes. Mr. Dorrell brushed the horses until they shone. He combed out their manes and tails. Then he harnessed them to the big wagon bed and off they went.

The big wagon rumbled and groaned with its weight of corn. The iron shoes on the horses' feet went clank, clank, clank against the stones. The sun climbed higher and higher. The higher it climbed the hotter it shone. Jasper almost wished he was lying under the old willow tree down by the creek. It was a good day for fishing.

But Jasper was on his way to town. He stuck his hand in his pocket. Yes, the four pennies were still there. He would spend them in town—but for what? Perhaps he would buy some licorice sticks with them—or gumdrops—or peppermint candy with stripes going round and round. Jasper's mouth watered at the thought of such deliciousness. He wasn't sure which he would buy. Then, there would be dinner at Aunt Grace's. She was sure to have "boughten" bread, and maybe store cookies to eat. Jasper had forgotten the hot sun.

On and on they jolted along. "I can see the top of the courthouse," he exclaimed at last.

Sure enough, far in the distance a tall spire shone against the cloudless sky. His heart beat like a trip-hammer inside his chest. His eyes sparkled. They drove down the hill and past the fairgrounds, then on to the brick streets. There the horses' shoes clanked more loudly than ever. The steel-tired wagon wheels went rumble, rumble, screech, screech!!

Children on their way to school stopped to watch the horses go by. "There goes a boy from the country," they cried, and pointed their fingers at him as they stared. A few waved. Then they all hurried on down the street fearful of being late for school. Jasper felt sorry for them—having to go to school. His school would not begin for another week.

Mr. Dorrell drove his team proudly through the streets to the mill. "Who-o-o!" he said, pulling hard on the lines. The horses pawed the ground as if to say, "Are we really here? We could have pulled this wagon many miles further without getting tired."

"Nice team you have here," said the miller as he patted the horses. "Don't suppose you want to sell them? A man was here yesterday asking where he could buy a good team like this."

But Mr. Dorrell didn't want to sell. He only wanted to get this corn ground. Jasper stepped on to the wagon wheel and jumped. It was a big jump and he looked around expecting the miller to say, "What a fine boy you have here. He is almost a man." But the miller was looking at the corn and didn't see Jasper at all.

Jasper and Mrs. Dorrell walked down the street to the general store. "This boy needs new shoes for school," she said to the clerk.

The clerk removed Jasper's shoe. "Gracious!" he said. "See how his toes have been curled up inside this little shoe. He needs a man's size shoe. You've really got a big boy here, Mrs. Dorrell." Jasper sat as tall as he could. The clerk was a nice man.

When they had bought the shoes, Mrs. Dorrell had to buy cord for the rugs she was weaving and some kerosene for the lamps. Jasper wandered over to the candy counter. He tasted everything there with his eyes trying to decide which was the best to buy. By the time the clerk had finished with his mother's buying he had decided. "Gimme four pennies' worth of jelly beans," he said. Jelly beans would last a long, long time.

"I guess we are ready to go to Aunt Grace's," Mrs. Dorrell said at last.

They walked down the street and around the corner two blocks farther before he could see the front porch at Aunt Grace's. Right across the street was the schoolhouse where Clara and Alice went to school. It was a big building, many times larger than the little one-room country school where Jasper went. Mrs. Dorrell went on in the house to visit Aunt Grace but Jasper sat on the porch steps watching for the girls to come home.

He sat there a long, long time. A black cat ran across the street. An old man came along riding in a rickety old wagon and driving a bony old white horse. All the way down the street the man kept singing a song over and over.

"Any rags, old iron,
Any bottles today?
Any rags, old iron,
Any bottles today?"

When he saw Jasper he stopped his horse. "Any rags, little boy?" he asked.

Cuddle Bear

(From page 27.)

"Maybe not at digging but you can run pretty fast to get help," Big Brown Bear Papa grinned down at Sammy.

"Yes," Cuddle Bear stood remembering. "This morning I thought that Sammy Squirrel could not help us at all and he helped the most after all." Cuddle Bear's voice was sober. He was thinking about what might have happened if they had not let Sammy Squirrel come with them.

Big Brown Bear Papa must have known what Cuddle Bear was thinking for he looked over and winked at Sammy.

"Right you are, Cuddle," Big Brown Bear Papa grinned. "Sometimes it is the smallest acorn that grows the tallest oak tree."

Jasper hid behind a post and peeped out at the man. The man laughed. After awhile he drove on down the street singing his song, "Any rags, old iron ----."

Jasper came back to the steps and sat down again. A squirrel came down the tree and stopped to chatter crossly at Jasper. At last the school door began to swing open. School was out for noon. Instead of waiting on the steps any longer, Jasper ran inside the house. He ran into Aunt Grace's bedroom and crawled back into the dark corner under the bed. He lay very still.

He heard the front door slam. "I'm hungry," someone said. That was Alice.

"Oh, hello, Aunt Maude! I didn't know you were coming. Where is Jasper?" That was Clara.

"Jasper is somewhere about," answered Mrs. Dorrell. "He has been watching for you."

"He's hiding," suggested Alice. "Where do you suppose he is?" Jasper lay very still. He heard footsteps going all over the house. They went up to the attic. They went down to the cellar. They came into the bedroom where he lay hiding.

"I've looked everywhere," said Clara. "Jasper must be magic so we can't see him." That made Jasper giggle. Clara got down on her knees to look under the bed. "I've found him," she called.

Jasper crawled out. "Dinner's ready!" said Aunt Grace just as Mr. Dorrell and Uncle George came into the house. Soon they were eating. They had "boughten" bread. Jasper thought it was so good that he ate four slices covered with butter. He wished his mother would buy "boughten" bread instead of making it.

After dinner the girls had to go back to school and as soon as the dishes were washed, Mr. Dorrell said, "Well, we'd better be going. We've got a long way to go before we get home."

"Take this with you," said Aunt Grace to Jasper. She put a small sack into his hands. Jasper peeped inside. There was a piece of "boughten" bread and some store cookies in it.

They walked downtown, untied the horses from the hitching rack beside the courthouse, climbed into the wagon and with a rumble, rumble, and a clank, clank, they were rolling towards home. Jasper curled up on the big sacks of soft feed and went to sleep. As he slept he dreamed that all the world was filled with "boughten" bread, store cookies, and jelly beans. Mrs. Dorrell wondered why he was smiling so.



ONE CHURCH'S ANSWER

... to an old question—"What can youth expect from the church?"

By Idris W. Jones

FIVE SENIOR high young people and four parents were seated around a table participating wholeheartedly in a discussion. Looking on, and eagerly awaiting their opportunity to express their convictions, was a much larger group of young people and their parents. This program was being matched at the same time by a similar one in the junior high meeting.

The specific questions discussed had been suggested in advance by the young people themselves. In the two meetings they differed to some extent because of the differences in age and experience. For convenience' sake, however, as well as for continuity of discussion, the questions were grouped under three headings: (1) Christian youth meeting everyday problems; (2) Family and personal devotional life; (3) Getting the best from our Sunday school.

This was not the first of these exploring sessions. When our Board of Christian Education and our director of Christian education first conceived the plan, it was with the hope that it might prove mutually helpful to the youth, their parents, and our church. The enthusiastic reception of the first venture led to the second one described above. On the first occasion, discussion was limited to the youth and parents around the table. On the second evening, participation by the total group was made possible before the discussion on any one question was closed. As a result of the experience of these meetings similar sessions will be held occasionally in the future.

Out of these discussions came the

thinking of those present on this question, "What can we expect from the church?" The question obviously has a general answer which is equally true for all churches—opportunities for worship, fellowship, witnessing, training, study, and service. The discovery of specific ways to achieve these experiences depends upon the youth and their parents. The church must help them.

ONE OF THE things a church can do is to help parents and young people to understand each other's viewpoint and to meet their mutual problems and opportunities in

a Christian way. When Mary, for example, comes home from junior high school and says her friends are able to stay out until 9:00 or 9:30 o'clock on school nights while she has to be in at 8:30 o'clock, what is the answer? Mary's mother doesn't want to be unduly restrictive or unfair to her in her relationships with her friends. But mother is equally concerned with Mary's health, school work, character, and spiritual stamina. Can the church help find the answer? Yes! As youth and parents meet and share their viewpoints, much is done for both Mary and her parents.



Harmony within the family should be the concern of the church. Its youth program can do much to foster understanding between these young people and their parents.

Other questions also arise, questions seemingly simple, yet far more important to teen-agers than parents sometimes realize. Some questions raised recently by our senior high young people include:

1. Should family devotions be a "must" in every Christian home or are they impossible in our crowded busy life? How can we find time for them? What can we use?

2. Are private devotions more important at the teen-age level than family devotions? What materials besides the Bible can we use to make our quiet time more meaningful?

3. How much allowance should a teen-ager be given? Should a teen-ager have to account for the way in which he spends his allowance? Should he give part of it to the church?

4. To what extent should a teen-ager have to account for the way he spends his time? Should he be expected to come home directly after school? Should he be allowed to go out on school nights? Should he be allowed dates on Sunday night as well as Friday and Saturday?

5. Should a teen-ager be allowed to own a car? Should he have a share in the family car and its use?

6. Should he be allowed to choose his own religion?

Some of these questions may seem to be miles away from religious training and experience. In the mutual answering of them, however, it became increasingly clear that the conscious effort to find a Christian answer to their questions brought to several young people, and parents also, an awareness that the Christian faith is more than a Sunday supplement to life—it is rather the main issue. In the attempt to understand each other's position on the daily decisions that must be made, they also discovered that Christ too is concerned with the common choices each one must make.

Most of those present would have quickly agreed to the general statement that, for Christians, Christ should control all of life. For some, however, that truth took on new meaning as they realized for the first time the Christian im-

plications of some of their so-called nonreligious problems. One thing, therefore, the church can do is to provide the opportunity under guidance for a better understanding between young people and parents and to help both achieve an insight into the place of the Christian commitment in everyday life.

A SECOND conclusion as to what the church can do to help came out of the joint attempt of the junior high young people and their parents to face a serious difficulty. It was the problem of a scattered membership. Neighborhood, suburban, and small-community churches face other problems but distance is not usually one of them.

In this church less than five per cent of the membership lives within a mile of the church. Additional difficulty comes from the fact that the nature of the section of the city immediately surrounding the church is such that most parents of junior high young people will not permit them to enter it alone after dark. The church maintains a full-time Christian community center and day nursery which ministers to the children, young people, and parents of the community throughout the week. On Sunday they participate in the church's regular program of worship and study. This matter of the community center, however, is another story.

For most families in Calvary Church any activities or meetings for junior high young people beyond the Sunday morning hours of worship, study, and choir rehearsal creates a serious problem of scheduling. This factor came up several times in the consideration of ways in which our church could minister more effectively to its young people. The group, despite the evident difficulties it faced, was determined to discover the best solution possible.

After exploring several alternatives it was decided to experiment with a suggestion that in a real way has turned a liability into an asset. The plan involved simultaneous but separate meetings for junior high young people and their parents early Sunday evening.

Thus parents and young people come and leave together. This is not a perfect solution because there are parents who have not only teen-agers but also younger children. For others it becomes not only a way of overcoming a difficulty but also an opportunity to share in a helpful and congenial group of their own.

From 6:00 to 7:30 P.M., the junior high young people meet for fellowship, study, and inspiration, training in leadership, and participation in service projects. Some then remain for the evening service which follows.

During the same period the parents' group meets. In its opening sessions which were devoted to the discovery of the parents' concerns the group expressed the desire to know more about (1) The psychology of the adolescent, (2) the church's curriculum materials as used in the Sunday school together with a thorough study of the ways in which our families and the church could cooperate for its more effective use, (3) the junior high school: its curriculum, its social patterns, and the influence of young people coming from differing religious or nonreligious homes, (4) the Christian commitment: its meaning at the early adolescent period and the responsibility of the home and church in making it significant, and (5) vital religion in the home both as a spirit and in specific devotional practices.

What can we expect from the church? I have not discussed worship, fellowship, study, witnessing, training, and service, those important divisions by which Christian experiences may be classified. *Hearthstone* and other religious periodicals and books provide rich resources in these fields which the alert church can use most helpfully. This story has told of only two ways in which one church has sought to use its resources in a ministry helpful to both young people and their parents. You have a right to expect your church to serve the needs described above as well as the many other ministries it offers.

Rockhounding

(From page 23.)

Then, if you have studied one or more of the books mentioned above, or if you have obtained one of the kits put up for aid in identification of minerals (lacking qualified assistance), you will be able to perform some of the elementary tests to discover what you have found. Soon you'll find yourself recognizing more and more minerals with less and less difficulty.

If others in your vicinity who are interested have already formed an organization for the study of rocks, you'll probably find yourselves attending a meeting to find out just what they're doing. If there is no such club in existence, you may be instrumental in starting one.

But, to stick to your individual family group, specimen collecting and classifying are just the beginnings of the rock hobby. Many others are natural divergents. Perhaps just hiking and being out of doors may satisfy some of the members of your family. Others may develop or continue with various outdoor hobbies ranging from astronomy to zoology. But certainly field trips will provide a time and a place for all the family to be together and to discover just how much (or how little?) you really know each other. It likewise gives daughter or son an opportunity to get a friend of the opposite sex well introduced to and with the family.

WHEN YOU have collected enough specimens to worry about "housing" them, you may discover a budding carpenter at your home—one who can take a few boards, a saw, some nails and a hammer, and perhaps some glass to make his first specimen box, and who will continue to keep pace with a growing collection until he (or she—don't leave the girls out of this!) is capable of making a full-sized glass-fronted cabinet for choice specimens.

Retaining walls, made principally of large rocks you've collected, bird baths, made of smaller specimens stuck in cement, rock

gardens with a story; mosaic pathways—all are easily constructed from rocks with no further work on the rough specimens themselves; though their production may also bring forth gardeners, engineers, and masons who might not otherwise have believed themselves adaptable. Fireplaces and outdoor hearths are other projects for rough materials.

Then again, you may find yourself becoming interested in the lapidary art—cutting minerals with a diamond saw, grinding and polishing them to a suitable shape and sheen, and possibly even

hounding activities enjoying the limelight right now. A few of the other phases which are also in the ascendency now are: photography of minerals, under natural and ultra-violet ray light; making of transparencies (slides which may be projected onto a screen, or mounted in a way to let light shine through the thin slabs); construction of novelties (miniature objects of cut and polished minerals) and spheres (the "fortune tellers' crystal balls"), and many, many others.

The studying of rocks may lead to an active and growing interest in any one or several of the "earth and allied sciences"—geology, mineralogy, paleontology, crystallography (which is the study of the atomic construction of minerals), archeology, chemistry, and physics.

Children fall easily into the habit of writing interesting, readable letters when they are enthused about swapping rocks with someone half a continent or so away. Reading itself ceases to be a chore. History and geography have a fuller meaning for them; maps are no longer unsolvable mysteries. Travel becomes something more than covering so many miles each day. New friends are gained. Mineral conventions are gathering places for fine people from all over the world.

ROCKHOUNDING is a hobby which may continue from the cradle to the grave. Any phase which proves uninteresting may be dropped, others are sure to develop. It is a hobby that is not limited by seasons or laws. (Except the "No trespassing" signs; never ignore these. Get permission before you start investigating private or claim land.) If the weather becomes too severe for trekking, that's the time for you to catch up on all the sidelines you let slip during good weather.

Rockhounding may prove more than a hobby: it may provide your children with the final clue as to what is their true vocation—the type of work into which they will fit gracefully and gratefully, with a minimum of trouble and a maximum of satisfaction.

Don't, Don't, Don't!

"DON'T you dare to climb in trees!"

Tear your pants and skin your knees."

"DON'T try standing on your head;

You may hurt yourself instead."

"DON'T crawl round in all that dirt;

Why do you s'pose I washed that shirt?"

These are things all mothers say,
When their small sons want to play!

—BILLEE ECKERT MARTIN

mounting them in settings of your own design. *The Lapidary Journal*, which is issued on the first of every even month from Hollywood, California, is devoted to this phase of rockhounding. Numerous books have been written on the subject. Many communities have "agate shops" where you may watch lapidaries work, and many mineral clubs and high schools sponsor lapidary programs.

THE GATHERING and study of fluorescent rocks at night with the aid of a mineralight, and the finding of radio-active minerals with a Geiger counter are two rock-

What the Churches A

Introducing . . .



J. D. Montgomery

Mr. Montgomery, or J. D. as he is affectionately called by his friends, is director of adult work and Christian family life of the United Christian Missionary Society for the Disciples of Christ. For several years the Montgomerys were missionaries in Puerto Rico and Argentina. He is married and the father of a daughter. The family home is in Indianapolis, Ind.

our two conductors of this department in *Hearthstone*. Northern Baptists and Disciples of Christ have a tradition of cooperation to maintain. The two Christian gentlemen to prepare these pages each month are not only helping to maintain that tradition, they are making real advances on the "home front."

For over two years they have been making experiments in developing a field program in Christian family life for the respective churches they serve. Since October, 1949, they have been reporting on those experiments through the pages of *Hearthstone*. Both the experimentation and the reporting will continue with the latter being done each month alternately in these columns.



Joseph J. Hanson

Mr. Hanson, who is familiarly known as Joe, is director of adult work and Christian family life of the Board of Christian Education for the Northern Baptist Convention. He came to his present work out of a rich background of pastoral ministry. With his wife and two children he lives in Philadelphia, Pa.

SEPTEMBER is here! Vacations are over and the time has arrived for the children to return to school and for other members of the family to again take up their duties for the coming months of fall, winter and spring. During the last days of summer and early fall the committee on Christian Family Life of the church should plan carefully its work for the coming months. The month of September should see these plans outlined and the major items for the homes well launched with provision made for securing literature which will be needed for the ensuing months. The plans should be comprehensive, looking toward features that will provide help for all families of the church.

A Family Program Begun Ten Years Ago

The Union Park Christian Church, Des Moines, Iowa, has given a family emphasis in the program of the church over a period of several years. Some ten years ago when the church extended its services into the community, a program was launched to enroll children in the nursery and to conduct meetings

for mothers in the community, especially for mothers of small children. These meetings were held three or four times a year and were for all mothers in the community regardless of whether or not they were members of the church.

In character these meetings were fellowship gatherings where mothers could become acquainted and talk over common problems and share mutual experiences. The major concern was not to have a planned, set program for these meetings. Mothers were encouraged to bring their children, which eliminated baby sitters at home, and the meetings were purposefully made informal so as to avoid embarrassment if the children were restless or noisy and thus a home atmosphere was engendered.

As this family fellowship developed it grew into monthly church-night dinners for the entire family. Basket dinners became the accepted plan and the program which followed for the evening was adjusted in keeping with the nature of the group. An essential element of these meetings was fellowship and acquaintance and new families were constantly invited to become a part of this family atmosphere.

Occasionally visual materials were used as a part

ing in Family Life

of the program. On other occasions games were conducted, suitable to the entire family. This type of program proved to be a very successful one for the families of the church as well as a channel for bringing new families into the membership.

As this concept of the family-centered church developed, families were encouraged to come to the Sunday morning church services as a unit and the program endeavored to make the whole family feel a part of the church. During the earlier years of this program, a nursery was conducted to care for the children during the service on Sunday mornings, but the project was later dropped.

The plan for the entire family to attend services created a home atmosphere conducive to mothers' bringing their children to the services without a sense of embarrassment. The success of this plan is shown by the fact that perhaps thirty per cent of the Sunday morning congregation is made up of young people and children of high school age and under.

Small Church Has Monthly Family Night

During the fall of 1949 the Christian Church at **Pembroke, Virginia**, J. H. Knibb, minister, began holding family night meetings at the church once a month. Each program begins with a dinner at the church planned for all members of the family, followed by a worship service in the church sanctuary for the whole group. After the worship the activities for the evening may vary according to the occasion and to the general church program.

A program is built around some main feature of the church life as that of the reception of new members, or the emphasis may be a seasonal one as indicated by the church calendar. On some occasions provisions are made for participation by different groups of the families attending, such as having the young people take charge of a recreational period. At other times the evening activities are planned with different ages groups meeting separately.

Last spring the church secured a moving picture projector and since then an occasional feature of the meetings has been the use of visual materials as a center of attraction or as an educational emphasis.

These family night meetings have been well attended in spite of competitive activities in the community and are offering a new channel of service to the families of the congregation. The minister reports that many of the church people are enthusiastic about these gatherings and are calling them one of the finest things that has ever happened in the life of

this church. The enthusiasm and success with which these gatherings have been received indicate the possibilities of such meetings in churches whose membership is not large. The Pembroke Christian Church is located in a small town with half-time preaching service. Its resident church membership is 309.

Sunday Nights Are Family Nights Here

The First Christian Church, **Kearney, Nebraska**, initiated a series of Sunday evening programs in the spring of 1950 planned to reach families as families. The minister, Joseph A. Houston, reports that their previous Sunday evening program with the senior high group meeting at 6:15, the college and older young people meeting at 6:45, and the evening worship at 7:30 was making a multiplicity of appeals for the time of the family rather than making it easier for the family to attend church and worship together.

Believing that a family approach for the Sunday evening meetings would reach more persons than the current program, a questionnaire was distributed asking the people of the church to express their opinions. The majority voted for the one hour from 6:30 to 7:30 for the Sunday evening church program for all the family. This would make transportation for the family simpler and allow more time for other activities.

The whole family now goes to church together and returns home together. The minister reports that the attendance with all groups meeting at this one hour has doubled over what it was with three groups meeting separately. Under this plan, beginning at 6:30 the young people preside over a fifteen-minute period of worship which is held for all in the sanctuary. At 6:45 the congregation adjourns into age-level discussion groups, as follows: kindergarten and primary; juniors; junior high; senior high; and older young people and adults. Preceding Easter five Cathedral films on the life of Christ were shown. Then in the respective age groups the film was discussed.

On the last Sunday of each month at the close of the evening program, the congregation adjourns to Fellowship Hall for thirty minutes of fellowship as families. The Women's Council groups take turns serving light refreshments and stunts are put on by the young people and adults. This helps to break down that false idea that young people feel uncomfortable around adults and that adults feel the same around young people.

A combined program such as this makes for better spiritual health in the church.

MAKING pottery and clay figures is a most fascinating craft, and easy enough for anybody to do, in creative solitude, in family or young people's groups. The usual trouble is that with prepared oily clay, results can be looked at but not used. With water-mixed clay, unless fired in a kiln, they cannot even be looked at long because they so easily break.

Oven-baked clay overcomes these disadvantages. You fire it in an ordinary kitchen oven. Results, although not actually waterproof, can be washed, and will take plenty of punishment in bumps and tumbles. The object can be anything you choose, tray, dish, basket, bowl, candlestick, or figurines. Designs can be incised or pressed in, or modeled and attached. Baked clay can be left unpainted, or colored with enamel.

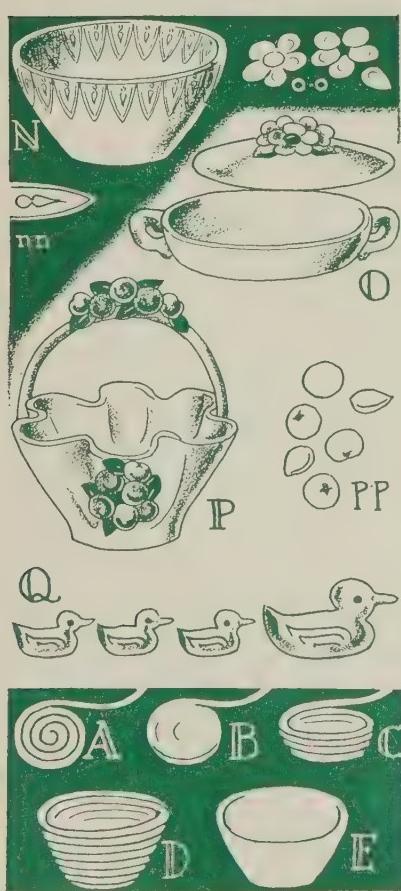
The recipe is simple, consisting of two parts powdered, dry clay and one part wheat flour mixed with enough water to be easily

handled. Best is sculptor's powdered clay purchased at an art-supply or school-supply store or department. Two pounds is enough for a small group. Local clay can be used if free of sand, and sifted to remove all stones, sticks and other foreign matter.

Mix in a bowl, stirring flour and dry clay together first. Two or three cups of powdered clay, plus half as much flour, is enough for two to five workers, depending on what they wish to model. For a large group, add accordingly. Pour water in slowly, mixing it with the fingers. Continue to add water, producing a dough-like consistency easy to handle. If too soft, sprinkle in dry clay and flour in two-to-one proportions. Remove the mixture to a smooth surface, such as a metal-topped table or platter, and knead until completely smooth.

MODELING proceeds as with other clay. To make pottery, the well-tried method of starting with a clay rope is best. Roll clay between the palms of the hands, forming a rope a quarter-inch thick or slightly thinner, but of uniform size. To make a tray, bowl, dish and basket, begin as in figure A. Work on a piece of heavy cardboard on a table. Coil the rope round and round into a mat. Continue until the correct size for the bottom is achieved. If you run out of rope, make more.

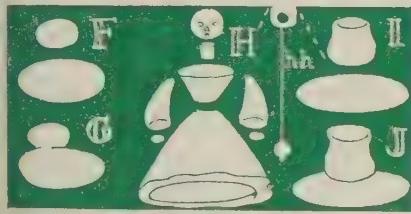
Clever with clay



When the bottom is coiled, do not break off the rope. Flatten the base by pressing firmly with the finger tips to produce a smooth piece. Turn over and smooth the under side too. See figure B. Make the bottom of a tray, bowl or other container, a little thicker than the sides will be.

After completing the base, coil the clay rope around the sides, as in figure C. Sides can be made straight, flared or any shape chosen. Continue to add coils. In making a small bowl or dish (a wise choice for a beginning) you can build the entire height at once, as in Figure D. This is then smoothed inside and out with the fingers. See Figure E. For a large dish or basket, such as Figure P, it is better to coil a few rows, smooth them, then add more. For a fluted shape like P, or other uneven form, first model smooth

**By Verna
Grisier
McCully**



See dish U. Candlestick V has beading made of tiny clay balls like v-v.

Decoration easier to make results from pressing a metal shape, such as a spoon handle, Figure n-n, into clay. See Figures N and Y. Earrings and other jewelry can be used too. Or cut a shallow decoration with a penknife.

To make a candlestick, model a base and cup as in Figure I. Form cup around a real candle end. Press base and cup together and add slip to bind. Figures V and W show two styles. Salt and pepper shakers are modeled in one piece from a ball of clay, working around your own finger. Hollow inside is shown in Figure Y. Make the clay thinner at the tip of the cellar, then punch holes with a knitting needle. After the clay is baked, fit a cork into the base.

A tray not made from rope coil is shown in Figure Z. Pat some clay flat, then roll with a rolling pin to the thickness of a quarter inch. With a sharp knife and ruler, cut a square or oblong. Bend up shallow sides, denting in corners as shown. Handles of clay rope or fruit may be added.

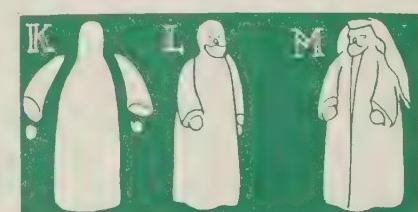
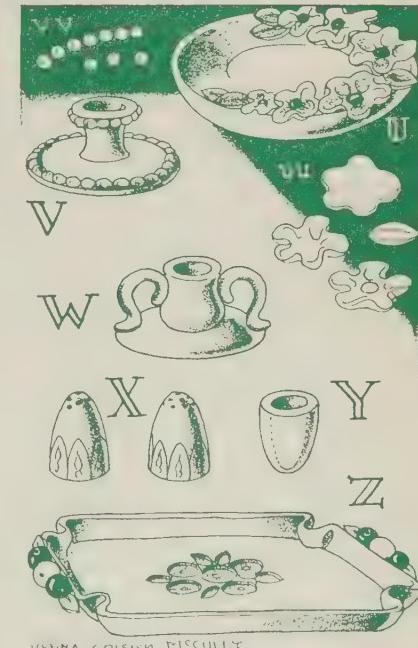
FIGURINES are fun. Begin with something easy, like the ducks. Each is composed of a large and a small egg shape, Figure F. Press head onto body, then seal seam with slip. Model a pointed tail, add a beak, then draw wings with a knife point. Make the big duck three to four inches long and the little ducks half size.

Biblical Figures like R and T, for a crèche or to illustrate a story, are made from bottle shapes, plus two cone arms. See Figure K. Make them four or five inches high. Figure L shows additional modeling, eyes pressed in with a knife point, a wee triangle of nose, and a beard added. Make head-dresses of clay patted very thin. Cut with knife and drape on the head.

Figure S is a bell. The skirt is modeled on a cone of cardboard cut from half of a six-inch circle with a half-inch hole in the center. The waist, a flattened clay one, is pressed into the skirt so a tab of clay extends into the hole formed

at the top of the skirt cone. Punch a hole in this tab, as in Figure h-h. A string with bead is afterward attached for bell clapper. The doll's head is a ball, her neck a cylinder, arms are cones, hair is made of tiny balls and ropes of clay. Remove cardboard after firing.

Do not allow the clay objects to dry before firing. To bake either pottery or figurines, place on a tin or glass baking dish in a 350-degree oven. Time required for firing is from half an hour to two hours, depending on the size of the article and thickness of clay. The clay will change from gray to tan or light brown. Remove when it becomes this color. After cooling, parts or all of the surface can be painted with enamels in any colors desired. Figures are most attractive painted in natural colors. Painted fruit or flowers are interesting on an uncolored background. All of the objects make unusual gifts or items for a charity sale.



flared sides, then bend them in and out. Results will not be perfect like machine-made pottery, but much more interesting.

For a dish cover like that of Figure O, begin with a coiled rope and finish by smoothing. Attach a coil underneath, of smaller circumference than the dish, so the lid will stay on. Form handles from clay rope. To attach these, or decorations such as fruit or flowers, mix slip. Slip is the mixed clay you use, plus water added to make a thin paste. Apply this with a water-color brush, painting it along cracks and seams.

DECORATIONS, such as flowers (Figure O-O) on lid of dish O, are composed of separate petals, center and leaves. They are anchored on with slip. Fruit, like Figure p-p, is made of small balls of clay, and attached as on Figure P and Z. Another flower type is modeled from a pat of clay scalloped into petals, shown in Figure u-u, to which a center is added.

TEACH THEM

How

TO HANDLE IT

Preparing young people to live as Christians in an alcoholic society is a tremendous and tedious task. The author suggests how you and your children can meet and overpower the liquor problem in your daily living.

By Dorothy Richeson

THEY WERE unusually sharp teen-agers—those seven boys who met one night in a living room for their usual gab-session. In order to belong to this gang you had to be six feet tall or over, and have something close to an "A" average. Tonight's discussion was no ordinary one, for these young Americans were devoting their valuable time to some serious thinking. They had heard a horrible rumor in school that they were of that "species" most to be feared in high school—"a sissy." What to do about it? In brief, one suggested that they might learn to smoke. This was met with little enthusiasm, since they all knew a number of "sissies" who smoked. The next suggestion was that they could learn to drink beer—here there was more talk pro and con—two hours, one chocolate cake and twenty "eokes" later they left for their respective homes without the matter settled. One very disturbed mother remained in the kitchen where she had heard the boys she knew and loved, plan ways to ruin their good reputations, and possibly their lives.

Obviously there was some "handling" to be done here, but this story is not given to you because alcohol had become a problem for these boys, but because it indicates the complexity of the problem. These boys handled it eventually with the good character and judgment that they had been acquiring all of

their lives. The election to "Boys' State" was a very coveted honor in their high school. When the votes were counted five of the seven were elected to high offices including the governor. Thus the so-called "sissies" were vindicated for the time being.

To drink or not to drink is not always so easily or so satisfactorily "handled" however, so perhaps you are the parent who needs to review the situation. Here's how *not* to do it, contributed by two sets of parents I have known. Both say, "No, not our way—anything else would have been better."

IN THE University it was my good fortune to know one of the most attractive and talented girls on the campus. It was not long before we discovered, however, that she was drinking regularly, and after many unhappy experiences she finally admitted that she could not stop. Here was a Junior in College already an alcoholic. Her father believed that if liquor was available and as easily obtainable as milk his children would not be curious about it, indeed that they would not be interested at all because of their familiarity with it. For two of the children this seemed to be true; for his beautiful daughter it was a complete failure. He tried to teach her how to manage it, but before he knew it, it was managing her.

Here's another method used by many parents today. They say, "Social drinking is not a problem, therefore we'll teach Jim and Jane when to quit. After all any decent person has to have self-control. They'll have to learn to handle it." Here again the

plan may sound practical, but any alcoholic in America could give eloquent testimony as to its colossal failure. For in no case does a person set about deliberately to drink too much; he always intends to be a "controlled drinker." Here scientists have some of the answers. They will tell us that one out of fifteen social drinkers will become a problem drinker. No one knows who that one will be. The other fourteen will have varying degrees of trouble. Dr. Robert Seliger says that the moderate drinker is the best advertiser that the industry has, because he gives it the coat of respectability. Parents need to think that over!

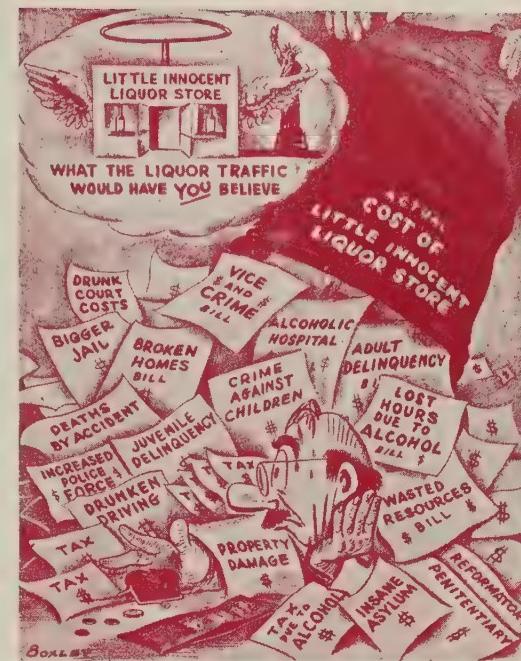
ONE COULD cite many other wrong ways of teaching young people to "handle liquor." Let's go to some techniques that have proven more successful.

Basic to all specific teaching regarding this problem is the necessity for helping our children grow into mature, Christian personalities. This is a lifetime job. James Ellenwood in his book, *Just and Durable Parents*, reminds us that if we indulge in wishful thinking we might conclude that children come equipped with an uncanny knack of knowing what is good, bad, or mixed. "If you think so, be prepared for disillusionment. Their best judgment is only best when they have used the best Christian principles in forming it. Not cowardice but courage, not timidity but audaciousness, not selfishness but consideration for the group, not wantonness but self-control, not prejudice but knowledge; these are the makings of a conscience involving every known means of education and religion, with a sense of deep responsibility for people, and with ability to compare and evaluate."

It is not our purpose to discuss in detail the technique of developing a Christian personality. Rather, we maintain that producing individuals who can face life without flinching—and without sedatives—is the first step in "handling" the liquor problem. Christian education can give youth skills, facts, and attitudes that will enable them to live purposeful and socially useful lives.

Within the family, discussions concerning the most important things in life are of great value in building youth's ideals. Point out that intelligence and character demand that individuals refrain from doing things simply to gain acceptance into a group. One can conform to the pattern of a social group so long as it is in keeping with his moral standards. When group actions are silly and wrong, he must deviate from the pattern. Admiration and respect gained by upright living are lasting while admiration for the daring wrongdoer soon turns to disgust as he grows progressively corrupt.

Must a young person cut himself away from a group because members of the group drink? Help him handle this situation gracefully and confidently by pointing out these social facts. A hostess who serves only alcoholie drinks is as impolite as one who serves only sauerkraut for guests at dinner. One is as socially acceptable when he refuses alcohol as he



is when he refuses a pickle—and considerably more interesting. Be casual and natural about declining. It requires no explanation—just a kindly manner. Usually soft drinks are available and serve the purpose of stimulating cordiality, which is actually the most attractive part of early alcoholic drinking.

A glass of beer taken by one member of a fraternity in an empty room would have no appeal to anyone. When all the "brothers" gather around to share the most important idea that they have had in twenty-four hours, and maybe the only one; when there is singing and laughter and good fellowship and beer, somehow the thrill of it all becomes identified with the beer, when actually a cup of coffee or cocoanut milk would have produced the same friendly atmosphere.

ANOTHER social fact is that he is not alone when the order is "orange juice, please." Top-flight businessmen such as J. C. Penney or J. L. Kraft; athletes by the hundreds such as Glenn Davis or Jackie Robinson; political leaders include Governor Youngdahl of Minnesota and Harold Stassen, president of the University of Pennsylvania; and best of all probably the fellow or girl to your right only needs the encouragement of a courteous "no" from you, to give him the courage to do likewise. Each of us needs to develop the stamina that will enable us to withstand the pressure of others. Help your young people make it popular not to drink.

No one sneers at Gil Dodds, the track athlete, because he does not drink. They are so impressed by the things he does do that they have no time to deal with anything so trivial. Your son can command

the respect of the crowd because he achieves—because he skates well, or runs fast, or plays the piano, or sings, or just has a pleasant disposition. Because he knows how to handle the "whole person" so well, he will not have to worry about being unpopular because he does not choose to drink.

FINALLY, give him the "scientific facts" about alcohol so that he'll be able to handle it intelligently. Let him know that it is a sleep-producing drug, a sedative, a narcotic, and never a stimulant. It is first cousin to ether and its general action is precisely the same. It affects the cortex of the brain first where judgment and inhibitions and the more sensitive qualities of character are located, and thus weakens resistance to other forms of trouble, as well as producing its own special kind.

Alcohol depresses the brain in progressive stages, making its victim require more and more until it substitutes for food and drink. It is not a health-producing food since it has no vitamins, no minerals, no proteins and no roughage, but many calories.

All habitual drinkers are potential alcoholics. It is not just another bad habit. One does not drink just because he drinks, but he acquires the habit because of the deeper need which is easily met by the drug.

Help him to know that he is dealing with the number one "social-health" problem in America when he says "no" to liquor. One million alcoholics in the United States, three million excessive users, 50,000 alcoholic deaths per year! It's worse than the plague of any thirty-one diseases.

Evidence also tells us that divorce, poverty, juvenile delinquency, venereal disease, defective mental health, and most of our serious social problems are either directly or indirectly produced by alcohol. Therefore it is highly improbable that the tax paid on the product even begins to pay the bill financially, and certainly not socially or spiritually.

ONE OF our atomic scientists says that *example* is still the greatest teaching force in the world. Therefore, the fact that you as a parent are able to handle this situation for yourself will be a big step in the right direction—but it won't take care of the whole trip. Life in these United States is becoming more and more an alcoholic culture, consequently we'll need to be more and more aggressive in our preventive program that copes with it. The Chinese say, "Nobody's family can hang out the sign, 'Nothing the matter here.'" Certainly that has become a sad fact about American life and liquor.

The time for slipshod, weak, non-aggressive thinking must be over for any conscientious parent. Sixty-five out of one hundred Americans twenty-one years of age or over use liquor in some form. We spend over twice as much money for alcohol in the United

States as for all education, and get only tragedy for our pains. Authorities tell us that alcoholism is a devastating disease which we know how to prevent, yet in 1947 we spent \$8,777,000,000 trying to get it. With these facts alone staring at us through mental hospitals, divorce courts, jails, and prisons, we parents had better roll up our sleeves and start doing the best we can with every resource available to save *our own children*, to say nothing of our neighbors. Your child has about one chance in a thousand of being killed if he plays on the railroad track. But from the day that he begins to walk we say, "Stay away from all railroad tracks," so great is our desire to protect him when the ratio is one to one thousand. If the ratio is one to fifteen of those who begin to drink, the least that can be said is that it is the educational responsibility of every thinking adult to present the case honestly and thoroughly.

Yale University records show that two out of three alcoholics start drinking at high school age, but James Ellwood reminds us that liquor is neither made, sold, nor served at school. Therefore it is a cooperative product of the home and the community. It is almost entirely an adult problem, since adults sell it, buy it, serve it, and profit financially by it. Consequently adults will have to be the answer too.

Finally, teach them how to handle it by teaching them to live life abundantly and wonderfully and enthusiastically, and listen to the African who said, "A man goes before you on the forest trail—it is the Lord Jesus."



"Better put the mask on, Pop. I'm going to bear down"

SCHOOLMATES

How Bad

Are They

? ?

By Ruth E. Renkel



—Eva Luor

WITH stories of juvenile delinquency bombarding you from all sides, you dread the day that Patty starts to school. She is such a winsome child now, all curls and eyes and absolute trust. But once she begins attending school she's going to be thrown in with children that have not been given the same attention she has had. She'll be on her own with no parent around to admonish her if she attempts to cultivate the wrong companions.

Bad associates, you're certain, cause most of the trouble. That Jones boy for instance. His parents provided him with everything he needed. But somehow Bob took up with a bunch of hoodlums. Before anyone was aware of what was happening, he was up before a judge on a charge of petty larceny. It just doesn't seem possible that Bob, who not long ago tagged his father's footsteps, now demands that his father "leave me alone."

Jim and Mary Jones blame it all on somebody else's children. And you agree with them, because Jim and Mary are among your best friends.

But if you are making a habit of blaming next-door Susie every time she and Patty get into a childhood squabble, you are laying the groundwork for another unruly teenster. With the law of averages

being what it is, Patty is bound to be in the wrong some of the time.

For the "bad associates" alibi is only a favorite excuse of the parents, if we are to believe in the findings of Dr. Clarence H. Growden, research man of the Ohio Welfare Department. After a breakdown of the background factors in 500 cases, Dr. Growden comes up with figures that refute the pet idea of most communities.

Instead of placing the blame on associates, bad housing, and poverty, Dr. Growden points an accusing finger at the child's home. Mental deficiency, lack of general home training in work and play co-operation and a sense of right and wrong, lax home supervision, and the child's feeling he is unwanted, turn up most often as the reason for our youngsters' sins.

Just telling a child, it seems, is not enough. Your example, and your reasons for your actions, are still your child's most impressive lessons. It's a matter of following the old adage, "Practice what you preach."

You can tell Patty that she shouldn't take things that do not belong to her and then help yourself to the flowers in the public park because "no one is looking, and they'll never miss them anyway." But if you do, you're denying yourself and telling her

that as long as she can get away with it she can forget the cardinal rule.

Or perhaps she's been admonished not to speak of the little sex education she has had except to her parents. Then, in her presence, you listen to or tell a story which is evidently on the same subject. Your actions are taunting, "I can talk about it in public, but you mustn't!"

"At least," you point out, "I'm not lax in home supervision. I insist in knowing her whereabouts so I'll know she's safe and sound."

Fine! But do you also remember to tell Patty where you are going when you leave her in another's care for the evening? She'll feel more secure if you do, for then she'll know that you are safe and sound.

Do you allow an ice cream cone, or a new toy or dress to express your love? Or will your child, like the one who was asked how she knew her mother loved her, say, "I can tell by the way she looks at me"?

Worrying about Patty's future associates won't accomplish results. But loving her, teaching her what we call the old-fashioned qualities, and giving her a sense of security will. It's an investment that will pay dividends for your generation and hers.

Family Counselors

Question: Two doctors have told me that I need to be out-of-doors and to take sun baths. I am sick from worry and afraid sun baths will only make me worse. Please suggest where I might get help as I am without funds for further medical aid.

Answer: Fears, anxieties and worry probably cause more illness in the world today than any other thing. The more we fear or worry the sicker we will become. Both fear and worry can be wiped out entirely by means of sun baths. By this we mean, give the mind a sun bath.

Directions for carrying out this order are to tell your story to someone, be it the physician, attorney, counsellor or just the next door neighbor. Greatest benefit will be received if you pick the person whom you feel is closest in tune with God, the Great Physician.

Almost everyone knows the relief that comes from sharing burdens and letting someone else help carry the load. Someone has said, "A burden shared is a burden halved." This statement is true and workable.

Bringing the fears and worries out into the light of day at once takes away the mystery and gloom or utter despair that envelopes them. This alone many times enables an intelligent person to laugh and joke about things that hitherto have almost downed him.

The best thing to do is to open the mental closets, bring completely into the open all the family skeletons. Walk around them, letting the sunlight of reason fall on all sides. Both fear and worry will very quickly be dispelled. However, relief does not come if the mental closet has been only partially opened.

In making the above suggestion, we do not mean telling the world our worries and fears, repeating them over and over. Because when such is the case, burdens are not lightened but miseries assume even greater proportions.

Not only should one seek help from another individual but he should tell all to the Great Physician. Prayer is the true answer.

Did not Christ say, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? Through prayer and confession we obtain a true perspective of ourselves and soon find ourselves cleansed by the strongest of sunlight.

It takes labor to place our worries and fears before the Master Mind, but only as we open the closet of our minds is there an opportunity for sunlight to rush in. Fear and worry will then become beauty and joy with a demonstration of health instead of sickness.

D. F.

Questions: We have a very attractive family friend who has recently obtained her second divorce. Our teen-agers are torn between their loyalty to her as a friend (as well as their admiration of her business ability and her vivacious personality) and their home training that frowns on promiscuity. They say, "Must we snub her now, just because we don't like one thing she does? Can't we still be friends?" What should be our Christian attitude toward those whose actions do not seem to us to be Christian?

Answer: Let's consider your question in a general way first, and then see how we can help your teen-agers in this particular case. It seems to me that we can only follow Jesus' example. Did he not say on one occasion, "Let him who is without sin among you

cast the first stone"? While we try to follow his teachings and live as Christians, not one of us can claim perfection in our Christian living. We all fall far short of the high goal. Jesus was uncompromising in his description of a way of life, but he was very compassionate and understanding toward those who failed.

With this in mind, what about this particular problem? If they were my teen-agers, I would probably answer something like this: "No, I don't think we should snub Margaret. You know how I feel about promiscuity in marriage, about most divorces. But I feel very sorry for Margaret. Think how she must feel to have made a mistake twice, to fail twice. I think we must be very understanding now. She is missing so much, just as any man or woman who fails in marriage." Then I would try to help them see all she will lose, a happy companionship, a contented family circle, the joy and inspiration of children, the approval of Christian people. I probably would become very trite and remind them that we will continue to love her at the same time that we regret what she has done. Above all, I would hope to show them the tragedy of living a life lower than the best, and hope to inspire them to do all in their power to live their best. E. N. J.



Dorothy
Faust



Elizabeth
N. Jones

A Recent Film of Interest to You

Two years ago a film on sex education was produced which is worth your time to view. It is "Human Growth," a 16 mm. sound picture designed for sex education at the junior high school level. It was made for the public schools, but could be used by churches for parents and junior high young people. The presentation is factual and informative, presenting the physical side of sex. Although it is not presented from the Christian point of view, the Christian interpretation of procreation and home-life could be made easily.

Opening in a classroom setting, the picture approaches the subject as a part of everyday knowledge. Then, the facts are presented through a sequence of cartoon-like drawings shown on the classroom screen. The sequence of seeing interested young people and then the factual illustration makes the film effective and usable.

The film is a joint project of the E. C. Brown Trust (established for the social hygiene education in Oregon) and the University of Oregon. It was produced by Eddie Albert Productions, Hollywood. A full review of the film is given in *Life* magazine in the May 24, 1948, issue. Full information concerning securing the film may be had by writing the E. C. Brown Trust, 508 Education Center Building, 320 S. W. Alder St., Portland 4, Oregon. A book based on the film will be published shortly by the Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York.

With the vast amount of sex misinformation today, such a picture as this is very timely.



By Ann I. Tatman

This month, "The Spinning Wheel" will be devoted to selections from long-playing records. Today, more and more people have machines that will play these records, and more and more of the new materials are appearing at this new speed. Almost all of the new record players are built so that either the old or the new type records may be played. For those persons who have good record players and do not need new ones, inexpensive machines may be obtained that may be attached to the regular type machine.

There are several advantages to the long-playing records. First, there is a much longer time of continued or uninterrupted listening. The disk, or record, revolves at a rate of thirty-three and one-third times per minute (Victor uses forty-five) rather than at seventy-eight times per minute. In this way, a great deal more material can be recorded within a given circumference. Symphonies which formerly took five or six records now can be obtained on about two.

The second advantage follows along with the first. Because fewer records are needed to record symphonies or other long pieces, the storage space required is much less. All families will appreciate this fact.

People who prefer short vocal selections to the long pieces may feel that the long-playing records are a disadvantage, as many pieces are put on one record now. But again, this can be an advantage. When excerpts from operas are played, for example, the necessity of continually changing records is eliminated. But the record companies recognized this criticism, fortunately, and are now issuing seven-inch records as well as the ten- and twelve-inch ones. These records have one selection on each side.

Following are some records that families will enjoy listening to:

The Adventures of Oliver Twist and Fagin (adapted and directed by Ralph Rose). Basil Rathbone stars in this version of Dickens' famous story. The other side has "Sinbad the Sailor," also with Basil Rathbone, and with the music from "Scheherazade" by Rimsky-Korsakov. The orchestra is under the direction of Ralph Rose. These will be of especial interest to high school young

people, who have been studying the works of Charles Dickens and who know the story of Sinbad from the *Arabian Nights*.

American Songs. Helen Traubel, Metropolitan Opera soprano, sings a group of favorites by American composers. She is accompanied by a male chorus and orchestra under the direction of Charles O'Connell. The songs include "Home, Sweet Home," "Long, Long Ago," "All the Things You Are," "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," "Old Folks at Home," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "I Love You Truly," and "A Perfect Day." All ages should like this, for the selections include some old, some new, but all enduring favorites.

You Are There (produced and directed by Robert Lewis Shayon). The Columbia Broadcasting System's radio programs of the same name have been recorded for home listening. "The Signing of the Magna Charta—June 19, 1215" is reported by CBS correspondents John Daly, Ken Roberts, Don Hollenbeck, and Quincy Howe. Don Hollenbeck, Richard C. Hottelet, John Daly, Ken Roberts, and Ned Calmer also give eyewitness accounts of "The Battle of Gettysburg—July 3, 1863." This unique manner of reporting events of long ago as if they were actually taking place at that very moment should make the study of history alive and fascinating.

Sonata No. 9 in A Major (Beethoven). Adolf Busch, famous violinist, makes this recording. The other side has "Trio No. 4 in D Major" by Beethoven. Mr. Busch is joined by Rudolf Serkin on the piano for the second piece.

A Choral Concert. De Paur's Infantry Chorus, Leonard de Paur, conductor, gives this group of religious songs. Included are: "Hospodi Polimilui," "Bless the Lord, O My Soul," "The Lord's Prayer," "O Bone Jesu," "Adoremus Te, Christi," "Deep River," "The Blessing of St. Francis," and "Here Is Thy Footstool, Op. 11." The other side of the record includes Latin American Songs by the same chorus. These are "Ugly Woman," "De Handsome Man," "Casinha Pequenina," "La Llorona," "Folga Nêgo!" "Côco Do Norte," and "Mourning Song."

Biblegram Solution

(See page 11.)

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

The Words

A Freedom	M Scrambled
B Cheese	N Treble
C Beeline	O Chaff
D Eyelash	P Freshman
E Helped	Q Threads
F August	R Roosts
G Galilee	S Polarbear
H Teeth	T Chores
I Hello	U Harbors
J Threat	V Defy
K Chilly	W Steed
L Kindly	

YOUR CHILD'S Spiritual Awareness

WE HAD IN church school a new copy of Tarrant's picture, "He prayeth best who loveth best," and had made a number of observations concerning its contents and beauty. I do not recall the procedure by which we arrived at this high moment, but when it came, I asked,

"Would anyone like to say 'thank you' to God our Father?"

This particular opportunity has not come to me often, so I was delighted when a five-year-old volunteered, "I will."

He was not at all forward but just seemed to have something on his mind.

"All right, Danny. Would you like to stand by our new picture?" I asked.

"Yes, but let me think a minute first," he said.

"All right," I agreed. So the rest of us turned to another matter, almost forgetting Danny. In a few moments, however, he announced that he was ready.

We do not restrict our moments of worship to formal periods nor particular places, but this time we were at "our little church." Danny stood by the picture as quietly and as composed as any veteran devotional leader. He proceeded as if he were catching up all our thoughts; and other

children listened as attentively as if they had personally commissioned him to express their thanks. The result was this little litany:

Thank you, God—
For the sunshine
That keeps us warm,
Thank you, God—
For the flowers
And for the birds that sing,
Thank you, God—
For the little animals
That help us have fun,
Thank you, God—
For our Sunday school
And for the pretty songs
We sing here.
Thank you, God—
For our church
And for the nice people
We meet here.



How wide and wonderful the world is to them. They learn early about God's works.

I cannot be sure about the first two lines because that was all I had expected. But when it dawned on me that what Danny was saying was not just a passing thought and certainly not a memorized poem, I am sure I remembered it practically word for word. At any rate, I checked with the other two teachers because I wanted to keep this moment that might never be duplicated without self-consciousness.

Later, while his father waited for him to put on his coat, I asked,

"What is your procedure in teaching Danny to pray?"

"Why, I don't know," he said.
"What do you mean?"

I explained what had happened and told him that I just wondered whether Danny had memorized prayers as most children have or whether his prayers grew out of his experiences and were expressed extemporaneously.

"He has memorized prayers," his father answered, "but most of the time he just 'makes up' his own. As he goes to bed, either his mother or I talk over with him the happenings of the day, and he generally says his own prayers."

"He prayeth best who loveth best," I could not help thinking. What a fortunate child!

HOW IS IT THAT Danny is becoming a poet in his own right? Is it not because of the love that surrounds him—that expresses itself in the personal sharing of events of the day at a time when his whole being is prepared to rest in that love?

I would not have a child *make* a poem or a prayer for its own sake. But fortunate is the child who grows up with such a joyous awareness of the wonders around him that his gratitude does break forth into song.

In his *Enjoyment of Poetry* Max Eastman points out that children are naturally poetic in their modes of expression, but the direction that their expressions take is largely dependent on the interests and expressions of interests of those about them.



—Don Knight.

If you take for granted the happy little "Thank you" of the oriole in the trumpet vine, and take no note of the brown thrasher as he calls from the top of the poplar like a priest from a minaret, your child will probably miss that part of his heritage too. Or if he hears it at all, he misses the richness of an awareness which is enhanced and made more poignant when it is shared. If the sea shell in his sand pile is only a dull lime deposit which he uses in place of your kitchen spoon, then both you and he are shut out from one of the most wonderful architectural structures known to man.

I wish that every parent might, with Edna St. Vincent Millay,

pray that his spirit might be "stabbed awake," and that his or her keener perception might contribute to the richness of the fellowship that belongs to his child—particularly as he is tucked in bed for the night and as he is dressed for the day. Let him associate God with the things that give him joy as well as with those things about which he feels concern. And fail not to let him hear as well as sense your "Thank you, God." For if you love "all things both great and small" and express your joy in them in your own prayers, I doubt not that your child's prayer will closely approach a song.

It is sometimes difficult to find devotional material that children can use in their private devotions, or that meets the needs of families with young children. *Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls* (Harper & Brothers, 370 pages, \$2.00) is such a book. Written in terms a child can understand, it is suitable for private use, or for use in the family. Used in a family for a year, it will give a sense of unity as well as the sense of God's presence in their midst. This book is edited by Frances Welker and Aimee Barker.



A delightful and inspiring collection of vignettes of especial interest to boys are bound in Archer Wallace's new book, *The Field of Honor*. Written in a cryptic style, for incidents of adventure drawn from life are short, none more than a page and a half in length, and taking but a few minutes to read. Scenes from the lives of great men and experiences of those unknown to fame fit well together to bring messages of courage and Christian ideals to any who will read.



Southern Legacy, by Hodding Carter (Louisiana State University Press, \$3.00). Here is a southerner who looks at the South with eyes open to its good points and bad, and who succeeds in conveying his sound understanding of the region and its people. The Civil War wounded the South more deeply than present-generation northerners realize. Scar tissue is evident in the hearts of the people, affecting both their philosophy and way of life. It shows in their attitudes toward one another, strangers, the Negroes in their midst, and outsiders who tamper with their society. Many solutions to the South's dilemma have been set forth by those without an understanding of the tremendous forces of tradition and emotion which govern the southern people. Hodding Carter reveals his people's faults and their possibilities honestly and sympathetically. Both above and below the Mason-Dixon Line this book will procure a greater appreciation of the South.



Maple Sugar for Windy Foot, by Frances Frost. Illustrated by Lee Townsend. (Published by Whittlesey House, New York. 184 pages. Price \$2.00.)

Here is a book that girls and boys ten to fifteen years of age will enjoy (as will their parents if they take the time to read it!). It is a tale of Vermont and its maple sugar woods, of Toby, Betsy, and Johnny Clark and their Shetland Pony, Windy Foot. The account of the "sugaring-off" process and the party that went along with it will make any youngster wish he could share in such fun. The book winds up in a thrilling climax built around a spring flood which swept down upon the little valley where Toby's family lived and how they came through it.

If you have a family story hour this is a good book to read aloud. Two other books in the "Windy Foot" series by the same author are *Windy Foot at the County Fair*, and *Sleigh Bells for Windy Foot*. Lee Townsend's illustrations add to the interest of the book.



Peter Nielsen's Story, by Niels Thorpe. (Published by the University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. 199 pages. Price, \$2.75.)

Watching a boy grow up is always an absorbing occupation. Reading about it is also highly interesting and this account of the boyhood of a Danish peasant boy supplies a large measure of adventure and fun. It also shows the difficulties, hardships, trials, and struggles which peasant families face. Like all peasant boys Peter is placed out to work at an early age on a farm. The story of his development in the art of getting along with people and animals is well told. Highlights are his friendship and power to control Mass, the irritable bull, and the chapter on the storks of Denmark and their habits. But Peter does not remain a peasant farm boy. His ambition is to be educated and a writer and to go to America, all of which he attains. Peter Nielsen is in reality Niels Thorpe, the author, who relates his own boyhood life. He is now head swimming coach at the University of Minnesota.



Books for the Hearth Side

Among other things this book will contribute to that larger understanding of peoples in other lands which is so necessary in our day. Read it in your family circle.



Jews in Transition, by Rabbi Albert I. Gordon. (Published by the University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. 331 pages. Price \$4.00.)

Although this is not necessarily a book for family reading, it is one which parents could well read for the benefit it gives of increasing understanding in an area where misunderstanding is too widespread. The book will help non-Jews appreciate their Jewish neighbors much better and point out to all readers that the future depends upon our learning the art of living together democratically. Chapters of especial interest to families are "From the Cradle to the Grave," "The Family and the Home," "Father, Son, and Grandson," "Intermarriage Is a Problem," and "German-American Family." Although this is a story of the Jews of one American community, Minneapolis, it is probably typical of the experience of other communities. It will make a real contribution to interracial understanding and should be in church and public libraries as well as on many home bookshelves.



Once in the First Times, retold by Elizabeth Hough Sechrist. Illustrated by John Sheppard. (Published by MacRae Smith Co., Philadelphia. 215 pages. Price \$2.50.)

There is an unfailing interest in folk and fairy tales, myths and legends. This book brings together for the first time such tales from the Philippine Islands and puts them in language that will be of interest to younger readers. There are fifty stories, about half of which reflect the native legends and the other half show the influence of Spanish and American folklore. A few of the titles are "Legends of the First Filipinos," "The Great Flood," "In the First Times," "How the Moon and Stars Came to Be," "Whence Came the Birds," "The Animals Go on Trial" and many others. All the stories are short and can well be read aloud in the family story hour.

John Sheppard, the illustrator, served in the Philippines during World War II and made his drawings from the sketches which he prepared then.



The Big World and the Little House, by Ruth Krauss (Henry Schuman, unpage, \$2.00), is a story about a family and how they made a kind of dreadful, bare house into a home. They had a "special feeling" about their home. Some people feel that way about the whole world.



900 Buckets of Paint, by Edna Becker (Abingdon-Cokesbury, unpage, \$1.50), is the kind of nonsense that children enjoy. The story tells how an old woman moves from house to house trying to find one which satisfies all of her pets. She ends up in the one she started from, but the thing that makes it different is the climax of the story. The pictures by Margaret Bradfield add greatly to the interest.

STUDY GUIDE

on "Using the Bible in Family Worship"

Prepared by Margaret S. Ward

Many parents have found articles in *Hearthstone* so practical and helpful in their Christian family living that leaders have asked for suggestions on how they may make use of these articles in their parents' groups in the church. The following guide is offered to leaders who may wish to discuss the article, "Using the Bible in Family Worship," on page 21 in this issue.

I. Report on the article

1. See that as many members of your parents' group as possible read the article.

a. Is *Hearthstone* in every home in your group? If not, share copies that are available.

b. Can you use this opportunity to explain the club subscription plan and so make more friends for *Hearthstone*?

2. Choose someone to report on the article.

a. The leader of the parents' group.
b. Some other member who is especially interested in this subject, or who may have had a rich experience in family worship.

II. Guiding principles suggested for different age groups.

1. Pre-school children

a. Can and should a Christian family try to worship together when children are very young?

b. Do pre-school children like to be included in family experiences? Why? What is their value for Christian growth?

c. Why must family worship be brief and simple when pre-school children are present?

d. How should Bible material be selected?

e. What can pre-school children share in the family worship? A Bible memory verse, song, Bible story, conversation about a Bible picture, spontaneous sentence prayer or memorized longer prayer?

2. Elementary school children

a. Should the pattern for family worship be longer and more varied as the child grows older? Why?

b. Can the older child take more responsibility for leading the family in worship? How?

c. Will he enjoy this experience? Why?

d. Should longer Bible passages and more widely selected Bible material be used? Why? What?

3. Adolescents

a. Why is this the time for greater independence from family group experience?

b. Does the adolescent girl or boy need family worship as much as the younger children? Why?

c. How can we bring variety into family worship to interest the adolescent boy or girl?

d. Should we expect the adolescent to take full responsibility for his turn in leading family worship?

III. General discussion

1. Do you agree with the author's point of view? In what ways do you disagree? Why?

When Children Come Along

plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour

(Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.)

Guide in Making Articles

(Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books such as *Fun-time Crafts* by James Schwalbach.)

Direct Games

(Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Millen.)

Lead a Missionary Project

(For information Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y., and Disciples to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 Downey Ave., Indianapolis 7, Indiana.)

2. How can we break old patterns for family action and start new ones?

a. What patterns for family worship do you follow?

b. Have you ever changed the pattern? Why or why not?

c. Has this article suggested any new patterns that you would like to try? Which ones?

d. Would it help to talk this over in your family council?

3. Problems raised in the article
a. What time is available?

1) Why do most families have to make time for family worship?

2) Should family worship be discontinued or not even started, where a family can be together only occasionally, say weekends, or once or twice a week?

3) What time of the day is best in your family?

b. Where is the best place to hold family worship?

1) The advantages of remaining at the breakfast or dinner table? Possible distractions?

2) The advantages of the living room setting, perhaps around the piano or fireplace?

3) Values in family worship outdoors, around a campfire, at a lakeside, in the garden?

c. What special consideration must be given when there are children of wide age range in the family?

1) Can and should pre-school children be trained to listen quietly for short periods, even though they do not always understand everything said or done?

2) Should older children be trained to respect simple contributions of the youngest family members?

3) Should each member of the family have his turn to lead or share up to his ability?

IV. Adaptations

1. What methods can be used with adolescents?

a. Advantages of using the Bible informally as part of other experiences? Will this help overcome self-consciousness?

b. What results have taken place from using some of the following methods? Comparing familiar passages in various translations, putting a Bible parable into present-day language, linking Bible passages and stories with clippings from newspapers or magazines, searching in a Bible concordance for appropriate passages on a given subject, taking time to discuss what Bible passages mean, not merely reading them?

c. Can denominational devotional materials, like *The Secret Place*, be used effectively? How?

d. What values in recognizing special events and days, such as, entering junior or senior high school, or college, special honors won in athletics, art, writing, and the like, the announcement of an engagement?

2. What pattern of Bible readings can be used?

a. Find the Bible verse in a child's kindergarten or primary leaflet, and other suggestions for home use of the Bible. What has been your experience in using these in family worship?

b. Study the possibilities for longer Bible passages, psalms, and songs in primary and junior graded materials.

c. Study the guide to Bible readings included in weekly story papers, such as *Story World* and *Juniors*.

d. Look for home daily Bible readings suggested with uniform lessons and discuss the value of using these where uniform lessons are studied in the church school.

3. What devotional booklets are available?

a. Examine several denominational quarterlies, such as *The Secret Place*. Discuss how these have been used by various parents in the group.

V. Additional Resources

1. Children

a. Examine the section, "Worship in the Family," in each issue of *Hearthstone*, and ask parents to report on the use of this material.

b. Discuss the possible value and use of other devotional books for children like *Tell Me About God*, *Tell Me About*

Jesus, Tell Me About the Bible, *Tell Me About Prayer*, Jones; *My Prayer Book*, Clemens; *When I Think of God*, Niedermeyer; *Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls*; *As the Day Begins*, Shields; *Once There Was a Little Boy*, Kunhardt; *The Junior Bible*, Goodspeed; *The Beggar Boy of Galilee*, Lau.

2. Adolescents

a. One family read together a book like *The Hidden Years* by Oxenham, on successive Sunday afternoons. How can this contribute to family worship?

b. What other books could be used devotionally by adolescents?

3. Adults

a. What help would come from reading through single books of the Bible, with the help of dictionary and concordance?

b. Discuss the use of other great devotional books like *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, *In His Steps*, or books by Fosdick.

4. Audio-visual materials

a. Have you ever tried listening as a family to a concert of sacred music on the radio, or a program like "The Greatest Story Ever Told," going as a family to see a religious film, using religious sound films or slides in the home where projection equipment is available? With what results?

b. Have you ever listened to a great oratorio like *Elijah* or *The Messiah*, and read the Scripture passages on which they are based? Was this a worth-while experience? Why?

Using the Bible in Family Worship

(From page 22.)

a time, or a longer portion. Adults would find many of the prophetic books in the Old Testament or Paul's letters profitable from this angle, while boys and girls would enjoy a reading of each of the Four Gospels.

Each family must decide for itself just which way of using the Bible will fit its special needs for family worship. No family should try them all! It is better to follow one method long enough to test its worth. Families with young children had better start with the references in their children's Sunday school materials. Then as the children grow older, they can make a much wider use of Bible material. But in all family worship the Bible should have the central place. Each member of the family should take his turn in leading the others in worship, through sharing memorized verses, reading from the Bible or choosing the parts of the Bible to read. Using the Bible in family worship will come naturally, once we take that most important first step, *to make time for family worship*.

HOPEFUL HERBERT

BY KAULEE



Hopeful Herbert knows that building
of a peace that's just and fair
Calls for more than wishful thinking
and a willingness to share:
If the U.N. is to function, it must have
the wherewithal—
Guards and trucks and good equip-
ment, workers at its beck and call.

5



That's why many U.N. members are
insisting that there be
A United Nations Guard to back U.N.'s
authority:
To protect the U.N. Missions and the
work they have to do.
In whatever far-off regions that their
duties take them to.



Herbert knows that a Committee has
been working very hard.
To decide on how to set up a United
Nations Guard,
And he hopes the U.N. session that is
getting under way,
Will approve the Guard's creation
without any more delay.

Herbert wants the U.N. strengthened
For the job it has to do.

For he knows a stronger U.N.
Can do better work for you!

Personalized Greeting Cards

**When YOU make them, part of YOU goes
with them, and nothing could be better!**

By Jeanne Edwards

IF YOU HAVE never made your own greeting cards, a thrill of achievement awaits your first effort, as well as the blissful satisfaction of captivating the appreciation of your friends. You do not have to be an artist in order to begin, for often a crude or handmade appearance will create interest and admiration more than the most expensive card in the shop.

Purchase several boxes of plain note paper, some folded, some straight, some correspondence cards with matching envelopes, then let your imagination and ingenuity run rampant. Keep every one purely personal, radiating your own self and emphasizing the characteristics of the recipient. For a beginning, paste an interesting snapshot on the front of folded note paper, write or print a message inside, sign your name. It is as simple as that, and who would not appreciate such a surprise?

Begin collecting material and keep it classified so that you have ready assistance for whatever the occasion demands. Cut small art pictures and designs from other greeting cards, glean appropriate pictures from magazines, salvage attractive lettering and numbers from other printed material and keep a supply of sketches always at your fingertips, as well as ideas. Tiny figures and designs cut from used postage stamps make the daintiest ornaments. Often several colors can be worked out in

attractive stamp pictures, such as flowers, birds or funny animals. With an abundance of this material at hand, you can fit the personality, the occasion or the surprise for no good reason at all with your own originality and purpose.

THE MESSAGE need not be a poem, but if it is, be sure it is as original as the card, for nothing copied should ever be used. A delightful wish, a hope for the better, a welcome, a thank you, anything you wish to say can be better said in your own words portraying your personality. Use sketches, no matter how crude, to illustrate your thoughts, and be sure that they are all full of meaning. If it is only a recipe you wish to share, illustrate it with a colorful picture from a magazine, write the information on the other side and it is ready for the friend's receipt file.

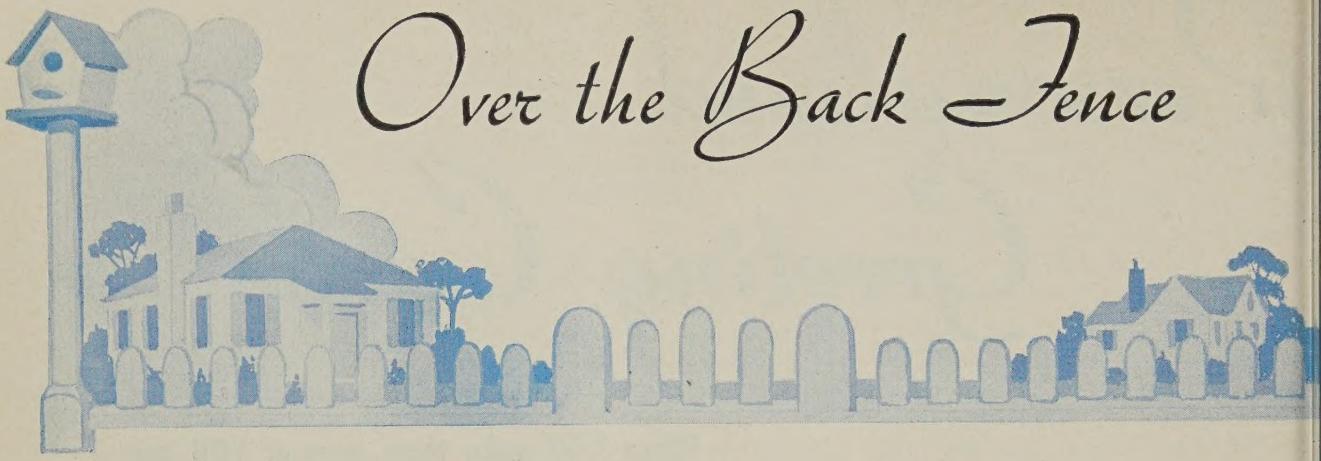
After you have exhausted your source of originality on ordinary paper, look to the vivid colors of art paper, all varieties of wallpaper, paper bags, paper towels, corn shucks, anything at hand, and the more unusual the better. Suit your message to the type of material. Use penny postal cards in abundance for small messages particularly if you use sketches.

MAKE YOUR OWN letterheads for longer messages. Besides lettering, cut out pictures and

sketches, use real flowers or four-leaf clovers. Any flowers that can be laid flat on the paper may be covered with scotch tape. Use only fresh, colorful, much alive blossoms, never dried, pressed ones. Do this just before sealing so they will be as fresh as possible on arriving.

Illustrate your letters with tiny pictures. Include clippings, snapshots, poems, anything of interest. Glamourize a clipping by tearing it out instead of cutting it neatly around the edges, then mount it attractively on a bright colored art paper card. For a "don't forget" reminder, write it on a small sheet from a loose leaf notebook, tear it out and mount it accordingly.

WITH PLENTY of material on hand and enough ready ideas, you are always ready for the emergency. It is well to have several birthday, anniversary and get-well cards already made as well as a few to fit other occasions. Attractive pictures together with beautiful meaningful poems, verses of Scripture, mottoes or just cheerful greetings are priceless for any occasion at a moment's notice. In your spare time for an enjoyable diversion, make a number for Christmas, Valentine or whatever the next occasion might be. Use these only for personal friends and choose your card as you would your conversation. Make every one personal and different.



"Golden Rule Days"

Do those words strike a chord in your memory? If they do it may well be an indication of the generation to which you belong! Probably most people in the present generation will need to be told that the words come from that old song,

"School days, school days, Dear old golden rule days." Which leads up to the fact that it is time for some thirty million persons to go back to school.

There are many thoughts that surge into the mind at the time of this annual return to the halls of learning. *Hearthstone* calls attention of its readers to a problem of growing significance—the place of religion in the public school. It has been clear for some time that religion will never be anything more than an isolated compartment in life until it becomes integrated into the educational program. It is our conviction that religion must finally take its place in the public school, not as an additional discipline, another subject to study, but as a permeating spirit. This we ought to do and not leave the other undone.

Weekday religious education classes came into existence to meet this need for a closer relation of religion to education. Even before the Supreme Court decision which has limited this plan in its scope, many leaders realized that it was not adequate to the need. It was all right as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. There was still a great gulf fixed which had not yet been bridged.

Is it possible to bridge that gulf in the light of that decision? There are many who think that it is. An important committee of the International Council of Religious Education is working on the problem, under the chairmanship of L. A. Weigle, former dean of Yale Divinity School.

Both the Christian family and the church have much at stake in this issue. Neither can do its job to the fullest without the cooperation of the school. *Hearthstone* fervently hopes and prays that the time will come when school days will truly be "Golden Rule" days.

Are We Sheep and Mice?

We women and men, that is. Are women sheep and are men mice? Elizabeth Hawes, noted dress designer, believes that the answer is yes. We are as long as women follow like sheep in the dizzy paths that "fashionable" dress designers lead them. We are as long as men let them do it, says Miss Hawes.

In a recent article she warns us of the horrible things to come this fall in "fashion circles" and urges both men and women to resist the dictates of "they" or "fashion." She quotes a rather rough word of a certain man named Shakespeare, "See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is?"

Such a word coming from one who ought to know gives some hope that all is not lost. Believing we spend much too much time being anxious about "what we shall put on" *Hearthstone* gives a rousing cheer for Miss Hawes.

A New Feature

Beginning this month *Hearthstone* will carry regularly a feature article which is planned for use with parents' groups as a study guide. Many of our churches have mothers' clubs or other organizations of parents which are looking for help in their monthly meetings. *Hearthstone* will try to provide that help.

The first of the articles is by Margaret Ward on the topic, "The Use of the Bible in Family Worship." It will be found on page 21. The study guide based on the article appears on page 44. We shall be glad to hear from groups using this feature giving suggestions as to how it may better meet the need.

The subject for October will be, "How Parents Teach Religion."

Leaders of parents' groups need not feel limited to these particular articles for their study programs. Any article in the magazine can be used as the basis and a similar study guide prepared locally. Or two or three articles might be used for each meeting of the study club and presented by different persons with discussion following.

We would be pleased to receive reports as to how *Hearthstone* is being used by such study groups.

Good Books for Your Children

Some Time Every Day

By MABEL A. NIEDERMEYER

houghts, Scripture selections, prayers and poems to help boys and girls 9 to 11 think of God in relation to their ongoing experiences "some time every day." These devotionals will guide children in understanding basic Christian beliefs and principles to use in their own daily living. Illustrated! For individual reading or for use in daily family devotions. \$1.50



Another Story Shop

By MARY C. ODELL

Mrs. Odell's latest illustrated book of read-and-tell stories to contribute to the character growth of children 4 to 10. Stories of holidays, stories of pets, seasonal stories, Bible stories, and stories about the many things of interest to children . . . 65 in all. A triple index is arranged according to subject, character traits, and title. For individual reading or as source material for Sunday school teachers. \$2.00

Then I Think of God

By MABEL A. NIEDERMEYER

An ideal bedtime devotional book for boys and girls 4 to 10. The forty-eight devotionals, grouped according to months of the year, give religious meaning to everyday experiences like feeding birds, visiting a sick friend, making a garden, quarreling, celebrating birthdays, etc. Each narrative is followed by a prayer and Bible verse to remember. \$1.25

The Cedar Block

By MARY LLOYD CALLAGHAN

The delightful story of Asa, an imaginative ten-year-old playmate of Jesus, who carves a daily record of his adventures on the sides of a block of Lebanon cedar. One day, for instance, Asa helps a woman find her lost coin; another day, he looks for a sheep that has been lost. Other parables suggested by his carvings on the block are the prodigal son, the great supper, the sower and his seed, and the foolish virgins. \$1.50

God's Wonder World

By BERNICE BRYANT

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